

Nineteenth Year---May 11, 1912

Los Angeles, California---Price Ten Cents

The GRAPHIC



HOMING TIME

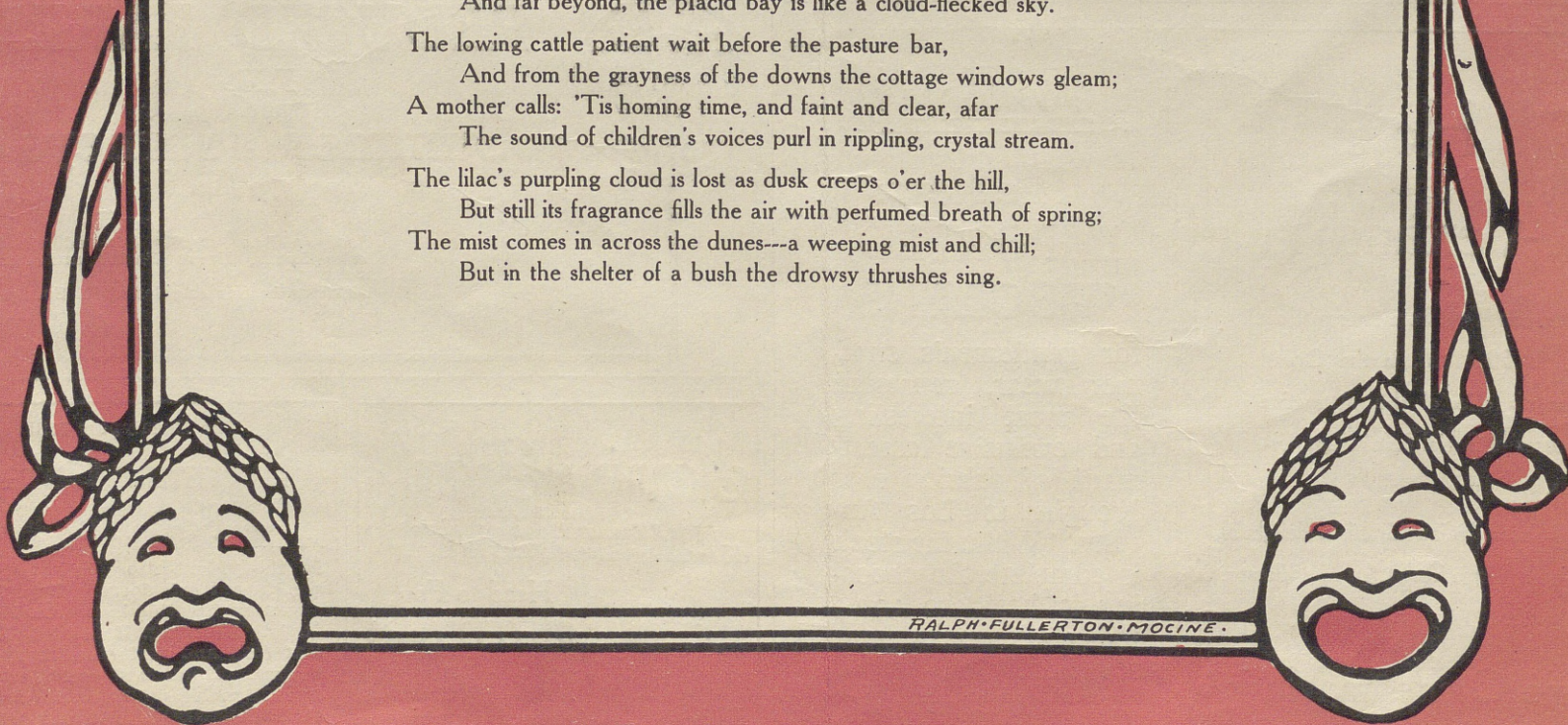
By CAROLINE REYNOLDS

The fields are carpeted with green, knee-deep in waving grass,
The sunlight slants its paling beams where shrouding shadows lie;
The cupping sky is like a sea where white-foamed breakers mass,
And far beyond, the placid bay is like a cloud-flecked sky.

The lowing cattle patient wait before the pasture bar,
And from the grayness of the downs the cottage windows gleam;
A mother calls: 'Tis homing time, and faint and clear, afar
The sound of children's voices purl in rippling, crystal stream.

The lilac's purpling cloud is lost as dusk creeps o'er the hill,
But still its fragrance fills the air with perfumed breath of spring;
The mist comes in across the dunes---a weeping mist and chill;
But in the shelter of a bush the drowsy thrushes sing.

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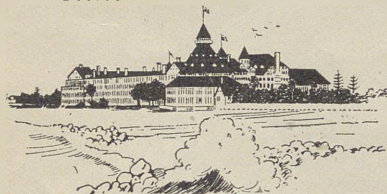
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THE GRAPHIC

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LOS ANGELES, MAY 11, 1912

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NINETEENTH YEAR OF PUBLICATION

SAMUEL TRAVERS CLOVER :: EDITOR



PITIFUL PRESIDENTIAL SPECTACLE

PATHETIC rather than aggressive is the attitude of the President in his home state, appealing for the support of his fellow-citizens by assuring them that his administration has been no whit worse—nor yet far different in policy—than that of his predecessor, who now seeks to supplant him. It is not an inspiring spectacle and in contemplating it we are more than ever in favor of Senator Works' bill to extend the presidential term of office to six years and inhibiting a second, consecutive term. In countless ways this amendment to the federal Constitution would prove beneficial to the nation and above all avoid such a pitiable display as is now seen in Ohio and has been noted in Massachusetts and elsewhere of late.

Evidently, Mr. Taft fully realizes that his last hope disappears with the loss of Ohio. If he fails to carry his home state by a rousing majority dozens of wavering candidates now inclined to him will break away, widening still further the gap that now lies between him and the nomination. Our sympathies are with the disappointed executive, but he is only reaping what he sowed earlier in his administration. Opportunity once knocked at his door and Mr. Taft did not recognize the subtle call. He was so busy with the Payne-Aldrich-Cannon coterie that he neglected to take heed of the temper of the plain people who, from the day he signed the bunko tariff bill, turned their thumbs down on his second term aspirations. In a score of ways the President has made reparation since and deserved well of his country, but, alas, too late to retrieve himself politically.

He is quite right when he complains, half pleadingly, half querulously, that his recommendations to congress to put in the classified civil service those political offices that now constitute a menace to good government, and by ending the abuse in the system remove the petty bosses, have fallen on deaf ears. "I have done that with three congresses," almost tearfully exclaimed Mr. Taft at Columbus Wednesday, "but I have not heard any Macedonian call either from Mr. Roosevelt or anybody else about the passage of the bill." Yet if the President's secretary had done his full duty he might have laid before his chief many commendatory clippings from newspaper editorials all over the country in support of the stand, including several from The Graphic on the subject. The trouble with Mr. Taft is that he has not a good "follow-up" system. He means well, but his initiative does not get beyond the recommendation stage. The big stick to compel reluctant or recalcitrant congressmen to enact the legislation he advises is never seized. His good intentions die a-bornin'. This is where Mr. Taft is a marked failure as President. He is a splendid lawyer, a kindly

man, a fine character, but a mighty poor executive when it comes to doing things. Feeling this, realizing it, a shrewd people—the backbone of the nation—have long since relegated Mr. Taft to private life.

ROOSEVELT NOW LEADS TAFT

MARYLAND has joined the Roosevelt procession, giving the colonel a total of 300 votes to Taft's 340, which includes the six instructed from Nevada. Texas appears to have decided its precinct conventions in a similar manner, thus insuring forty additional Roosevelt delegates and now, with a safe lead in Washington, which will give the colonel fourteen more, the latter has in sight a majority of the instructed delegates without including a single contested delegation. That California will add twenty-six to the Roosevelt column the Taft leaders in the state are practically conceding, save for publication purposes. No wonder "general depression" is reported to prevail among the Taft following in Ohio over the result from these three states. Even in Arkansas the best the President could get in today's convention was a split delegation, both sides claiming the delegates-at-large.

Utterly dissipated are the Taft claims of "nomination on first ballot." The President will do well if he holds Roosevelt even on the early ballots or long enough to allow the anti time to rally their strength around a third candidate about whom the presidential mantle can be enfolded. It is interesting to The Graphic to note that whereas it was almost alone in its advocacy of Hughes as a compromise, harmony candidate six or eight weeks ago we now have plenty of good company. Commenting on the Massachusetts "draw" the Buffalo Commercial of recent date is found declaring of the Bay state:

Its voice, discordant and distracted, speaks soundly and firmly for neither of the two leading candidates. It forces home to Republicans all over the country the necessity of defeating both in the Chicago convention and of putting to the front a man who has not engaged in bitter rencounters, who has kept clear of the mud and filth of the campaign, who is progressive in his ideas and yet believes in sane and orderly methods of conducting the government. Such a man is Charles E. Hughes of New York, the one man in the Republican party who, if nominated, can be elected without a shadow of doubt.

This sentiment we find cropping out in many conservative Republican papers in the east and middle west. Pretty soon The Daily News will have lots of company on the Pacific coast, we haven't a particle of doubt. But it will be after the Chicago convention, not before. It must be evident to the most confirmed Taft supporter that his candidate is no longer running, hardly limping along, in fact, and that it is the part of wisdom to plan for a transfer of allegiance to a harmony candidate who, if named, can be elected. We reiterate our confidence in Mr. Justice Hughes, the former able governor of New York, as the ideal nominee of the party.

COMPROMISE CANDIDATE LOOMING

EASTERN supporters of Taft, who are also unalterably opposed to Roosevelt, believing his nomination will disrupt the party and render a victory in November impossible, are reluctantly accepting the situation, which state primaries and state conventions are slowly but surely forcing upon them, that a second term for the President is out of the question. Realizing this and feeling that it is equally unwise to go before the country with a divided constituency, which Mr. Roosevelt's candidacy entails, the sentiment is crystallizing upon a compromise or harmony candidate able to command Taft's following, acceptable to the Roosevelt supporters and satisfactory to rank-and-file Republicans.

With one accord, the leaders now debating the

advisability of a third candidate agree that Mr. Justice Hughes, the former sturdy governor of New York, is facile princeps among those under consideration to lead the party to victory, and with this thought firmly fixed in the minds of all the next problem to settle is a suitable running mate. Geographically and politically the debatable state of Indiana offers the most available candidate for second place, in the person of former Vice-President Fairbanks, whose alignment with ex-Governor Hughes, would, it is confidently believed, insure the swinging into the Republican column of New York and Indiana, both of which states are doubtful if either Taft or Roosevelt should be named. That Massachusetts, Ohio, Michigan, Illinois, Wisconsin, Minnesota, Iowa, Kansas, the Dakotas and the Pacific coast states would indorse Hughes as against a Democrat is a fair assumption, since the able New Yorker's splendid record as chief executive of the Empire state earned for him a national reputation for sterling uprightness of conduct, independence of bossism, and true progressiveness.

State Chairman Barnes of the New York central committee is credited with taking the initiative in this compromise plan, which is being strongly seconded by Taft delegates and others not instructed, both east and west. The strictest secrecy is maintained in regard to working plans, the advisability of maintaining the organization intact being fully recognized. Mr. Taft, to all intents and purposes, is a candidate until balloting begins; under the surface his effacement is not questioned and when Ohio shall have spoken he, too, will fall into line and begin arranging for his obsequies. That Mr. Hughes will agree to waive his inclinations to remain on the bench, if the President adds his personal request to the urging of the big men of the party, supplemented by the voice of the convention, is not to be doubted; in fact, The Graphic is in a position to know he will yield as a matter of duty. We shall welcome such a contingency, believing it to be the only salvation for the party this presidential year.

NOT AN ECONOMIC QUESTION

WOMEN who are following the Titanic inquiry in London with deep interest have gone on record through the public press as opposing the idea that all men must give place to all women in ships' lifeboats in an emergency. Their argument is that the father of young children is too precious to the state to be sacrificed to notions of chivalry. For a score of years, they contend, his life is more valuable to train and support his children than that of a childless woman. All of which, doubtless, is well meant, but futile, since no man having red blood in his veins is disposed to cross question a woman in a crisis as to her maternal proclivities, past or prospective, nor plead his greater value to the state because of paternity while the lifeboat swings from the davits.

There is a greater question than economic value to be considered in this death-facing moment. It transcends personality, it overrides individuality, it surmounts chivalry, although, perhaps, it is the basic quality subtly underlying man's sacrificial effort. It is the unspoken, unacknowledged, but ever present instinct that recognizes woman as the race bearer to be preserved at any cost. As a writer in the St. Louis Republic observes "Because of immutable physiological fact the hope of the future centers upon woman as it cannot upon man. . . Any theory or creed that tends to destroy this exceptional treatment of women affects directly the strength and vigor of the coming race."

This, then, is the answer to those transatlantic

women who would save the fathers of young children at the expense of prospective mothers. It is against sound racial policy, it is inimical to man's best and truest instincts. Man himself—the fathers of young children everywhere—will reject the suggestion of Englishwomen as utterly untenable. If such a creed, such a doctrine had been uppermost in the wreck of the Titanic the world would have lost the noble lesson of heroic self-forgetfulness that disaster conveyed and there would be no occasion for the Woman's Titanic Memorial Association recently formed in this country to commemorate the gallant effacement of unselfish men that never-to-be-forgotten night in the North Atlantic ocean.

CENTENARY OF ROBERT BROWNING

HOW MANY poets of the twentieth century would consider, as a prerequisite to success, the obligation to read in its entirety, Webster's standard dictionary? Robert Browning, whose centenary of birth English-speaking peoples are celebrating this week, qualified for the profession of poetry, which he deliberately chose, by reading through with great care Johnson's dictionary, which, perhaps, may account, in part, for the use of unexpected words and phrases in his poems, and which certainly explains how he acquired so extensive a vocabulary. This was a pretty dry sort of diet for a poet, when we ponder the statement that poets are born and not made, but here was a poet who did not trust wholly to inspiration; when it seized him he was prepared to take advantage of it.

It should be a source of pride and self-gratulation to Americans to know that Robert Browning's greatness as a writer and poet first was recognized on this side of the Atlantic. While his fellow-countrymen were still regarding him as a curiosity, an eccentric product of the Victorian age, in America his genius was fully recognized. His wife, Elizabeth Barrett Browning, whose position at that time—1860—was secure—but the fame of whose husband was destined far to surpass her own—wrote from the Casa Guidi home at Florence:

The treatment in England affects him, naturally, and for my own part I set it down as an infamy of that public—no other word . . . I don't complain for myself of an unappreciating public—I have no reason. But just for that reason, I complain more and more about Robert. The blindness, deafness and stupidity of the English public to Robert are amazing. . . . Nobody there, except a small knot of pre-Raphaelite men, pretends to do him justice. While in America he is a power, a writer, a poet—he is read—he lives in the hearts of the people.

Seven years later, after the beloved wife had lain for six years in the Protestant cemetery at Florence, a rising generation began to realize that an English poet, second only to Tennyson, was in its midst and with the appearance of "The Ring and the Book" honors began to crowd upon the psychologist who had waited thirty years for recognition. After that, he had no occasion to complain of inattention. As the years progressed so Browning's fame grew until even in his lifetime Browning clubs were in full bloom all about him, much as they are to be found here in America today.

It was in that waiting period, that decade and a half passed mainly in Italy, that Robert Browning's great development came. From 1850 to 1870 his poetry was caviar to all but a select few; the critics even regarded him as merely freakish and he was known rather as the husband of the gifted Elizabeth Barrett Browning. But after her death and as the beauties of his finest dramatic poem, "Pippa Passes," permeated the more acute Victorian minds, general recognition began to set in so that in the next twenty years, or until the poet's death in 1889, he was justly regarded as an intellectual force of the first class.

Never mind if Browning is, at times, obscure, difficult to follow, he never is other than a great artist. Professor Phelps asserts that the grotesque was an organic part of his structures. "To find fault with the grotesque excrescences in Browning's poetry," writes the Yale professor, in the current

Century, "is exactly like condemning a cathedral because it has gargoyles. How could the architect that dreamed those wonderful columns and arches have made those hideous gargoyles?" But we can turn from these fantastic figures to the grand and noble structures he created in the purest style, in exquisite melody, in beautiful diction, in classic form and with deep admiration for his wonderful word pictures bestow on the English poet—whom Americans have consistently appreciated and more generally understood than his own countrymen—that ungrudging praise, which is the outpouring of grateful hearts, for having given to English literature the most stimulating dramatic and lyrical poems that have enriched the language since Shakespeare built his lasting monument.

STRONG PLEA FOR ALASKAN LEGISLATURE

PIONEER westerners especially, but all Americans in general, will be interested in the masterly address of Delegate James Wickersham of Alaska, recently, in favor of the house bill to create a legislative assembly in the territory of Alaska. It is not our purpose to review his lengthy, but well-prepared argument in detail. We merely wish to call attention to one phase of it, which has attracted our roaming eyes in the Congressional Record, just received. To the objection that the population of Alaska is of too migratory a nature to be intrusted with the power to elect a territorial legislation with carefully limited powers Mr. Wickersham made comprehensive reply and his words are worth quoting.

He contended that it is a mistake to suppose that the prospectors and miners in the great west are entirely transient, nomadic or migratory. He referred to the early settlement of California as offering a good refutation of such a theory. The ones who crossed the plains in 1849, he truthfully asserted, remained to found San Francisco and Sacramento, laid the foundations of a hundred cities in California and in 1850, within one year after their arrival, erected the noble superstructure of the state of California. Their kind, he properly argued, trailed through the mountain passes of Nevada, Montana, Colorado, Idaho, Oregon, and Washington, and when miner's luck and hard labor led them to the pay streak or the mother lode they built Virginia City, Helena, Butte, Anaconda, Denver, Boise, Portland, Spokane, and Seattle. He added:

Wherever the prospector and miner in the far west found the pot of gold he set a stake, brought his family to it, and became the foremost citizen of the camp, the town, the city, and the state. And yet prospectors and miners are, to an extent, migratory, else there would never have been progress and growth in the west. The miners of Circle City stampeded to Dawson in 1897, and back to Fairbanks in 1903. They went to Nome, and later to the Iditarod—yet all remained in Alaska. They built Circle, Tanana, Nome, Fairbanks, and Iditarod, and laid the foundations of many other towns in the great interior of Alaska. They are men of strength, courage, and daring. They are the best young blood of the east—they are from New England, Pennsylvania, Virginia—the south, and the west. They are your brothers, and their wives are your sisters. They are Anglo-Saxon, Irish, Dutch, Scandinavian; but at heart Americans.

Forcibly and capably put! Migratory? queried Wickersham in a burst of eloquence: "The mayor of Juneau, Emory Valentine, the wooden-legged Peter Stuyvesant of Alaska, has lived there twenty-seven years; the mayor of Fairbanks, since 1898; the mayor of Nome, since 1900; the mayor of Skagway, for twenty-five years; the mayor of Valdez, for twelve years. Royal, robust, red-headed "Mother" Card, who carried her sick baby over Chilkoot Pass in 1897 and buried it on the shores of Lake Lindeman, runs a hotel and restaurant in Fairbanks, honored and respected by more old "sourdoughs" than any woman in Alaska. Thousands of her kind, brave pioneer women of Alaska, quietly tend the domestic hearth in cabins and more pretentious homes, where they have ruled for ten, twelve, fifteen, or more years."

Continuing in this graphic strain the thoroughly aroused delegate named scores of well-known Alaskans who have tramped the territory for years, who have blazoned the trails into the Porcupine, the Alsek, and the White, who have been trappers, pros-

pectors and traders since the Yukon was first invaded, but who have not been outside of Alaska in twenty-five years. Migratory they certainly are, but that is one of their virtues, since by and through it the resources of Alaska have been laid bare and the territory's welfare enhanced. We move the passage of the bill.

MADERO'S CASE IS CRITICAL

SIMULTANEOUS with the naming of Emilio Vasquez Gomez as provisional governor of Mexico is the issuance of an invitation through an influential newspaper of Mexico City that Madero resign his office and save the nation from a terrible catastrophe. The incapacity of the Mexican president to deal with the situation, the known wavering condition of a large share of the federal soldiers, who are not to be trusted in the open, the wobbling of the administration cabinet, proving its incompetency to meet the present exigency and the certainty that the president and his advisors have lost the confidence of the Mexican people are the reasons advanced for this extraordinary demand.

Madero is between the Zapatista devil and Generalissimo Orozco. If he fails to heed the one the other will continue to harass the nation by maintaining a guerilla mode of warfare whose danger lies in the threatened intervention of the United States on the ground that Mexico is unable to keep the peace and preserve American lives and properties. That Orozco's supremacy has been acknowledged by Zapatista is admitted; that the rebel general-in-chief has endorsed the provisional president, who has also been acknowledged by the leader of the Liberal army in southern Mexico seems to be a fact. With both armies working in unison and with Madero between them the odds are decidedly against the president, particularly in view of the known disloyalty of many of the federal soldiers.

At Washington an interesting incident is to be noted in the presence at the capital of an envoy of the new provisional president asking for recognition of the "Vasquitas" as belligerents. He urges that the provisional government has an established seat, is capable of enforcing the laws and is supported by the people. At the same time the new Mexican ambassador to this country is found asserting that the uprising is confined to the state of Chihuahua and the disturbances elsewhere are due to the work of brigands. Meanwhile, the Madero official family is said to be convinced that a crisis is at hand and nothing short of a miracle can save the administration. And this is not an age of miracles.

REDMEN DEMAND THEIR RIGHTS

EVER since the march of empire was westward the aboriginal owners of the public domain have seen their hunting grounds curtailed, their game destroyed, their means of sustenance dissipated until, driven by necessity to make treaties with Uncle Sam, they have ceased to be the nomadic, picturesque savages that Catlin found them in the 40's. Now, in log cabins or contract-built, reservation houses, clad in semi-civilized hand-me-downs, they have taken on the outward semblance of civilization, become indured with many of the vices of the "squaw-man," i.e., white man, married to an Indian woman, and, alas, degenerated into poor red trash.

With the appearance of the cheap calicos sold at the post trader's store the incentive to decorate the buckskin—now a scarce commodity—with ingenious beadwork has passed, few of the Indian women of this day excelling in the art, as their forbears once did. The wonderful blankets of the fine weave so highly prized by collectors are becoming rarer and rarer; even the aborigines have lost the disposition to sit patiently at the loom and after months of application complete one of those soft, closely-woven blankets of vegetable dyes that were formerly the glory of the teepees and the pride of the tribes. The factories in the east with their artificial colorings are turning out "Indian" blankets by the hundreds for the consumption of the inexpert tourist trade.

Our sympathies are largely with the Indians, considering the unfairness of their treatment by the

United States government. Treaty after treaty made with our Indian wards in the last fifty years has been broken, promises to pay for lands ceded have been ignored and poor Lo's rights ruthlessly neglected. All this is recalled by the remarkable petition to congress recently presented by the Brotherhood of North American Indians, representing the Indians of many states in the Union, whose grievances and wrongs as individual tribes having remained unadjusted or unredressed the larger effort through a coalition of forces is now to be attempted. West of the Rockies are included the tribes or bands of the Shoshones, the Bannocks, the Cayuses and the Walla Wallas, whose rights to lands in California, Oregon, Idaho, Nevada and Utah have been recognized by the United States to the extent of 71,000,000 acres, which lands were taken under the pretense of various treaties from 1856 to 1866 and further inroads made by acts of congress and executive orders. Here is a typical story of restricted rights and broken promises related by Chief Tyhee of the Bannock tribe, living on the Fort Hall Reservation, Idaho. The old chief was present at the treaty of Fort Bridger in 1868. He says:

In the states where I was raised up from a little child I know the mountains and the trees and the rivers. I am 82 years old. I am one of the owners of the American soil, because my father was not a foreigner. God created the heaven and the earth and also created me. I was created here on this American soil. I don't like for the government to give me a small portion and keep me under its supervision. I like the free use of my country like my forefathers had. Since my reservation was established they have made four treaties with me. Every time they made a treaty with me they agreed to pay me so much, and they cut my land smaller and smaller. Every time they agreed to pay me so much money they are taking my rights away from me, and now my land is so small that I can hardly make my living on it, can hardly move around. It is like being in a penitentiary. The game and the hunting privilege is gone; taken away. They have forced me to stop hunting, but I had the privilege one time of free use of the country. Since last year my reservation has grown so small that the government only allotted to each Indian twenty acres of irrigable land and 160 acres of grazing land; that is all I am now entitled to. According to the old treaty I was entitled, each Indian on my reservation was entitled, to more than 320 acres of land, 160 acres of grazing land and 160 acres of irrigable land, but last year they were cut down.

Poor old Tyhee! His case is typical of many. Shoshoni, Assiniboin, Blackfeet, Sioux, Cheyennes, Crows, Gros Ventres, Mandans, Arickaras—they all have their tales of deprivation to tell, of treaties broken, of promises to pay ignored. Now, they are banding together to get what is due them, to the right of representation on the floor of congress, to the right guaranteed them under the Constitution of the United States, to the right in common with all other people to go into the courts of the United States and ask for an accounting and an adjusting of their differences.

SLURRING THE BENEDICTS

ON BEHALF of the married men of Southern California we resent the insinuation advanced by those eastern celibates who, in favoring the plan of a Cambridge woman to tag bachelors with an artistic button, worn in their coat lapel, declare that only the benedicts of the country would be opposed to the general adoption of the idea. Why should it be taken for granted that married men, in the mass, would oppose legislation making it a crime for a non-eligible to make use of a bachelor's button for fraudulent purposes? Is it, then, assumed that we—speaking for our kind—are, in the main, philanderers? This is a double reflection in that it presupposes the married women are unable to hold their menfolk loyal.

Presumably, this dual slur cast by the selfish bachelor tribe—a murrain seize 'em—is based not on observation, but on deductions made by cynics whose literature has led their readers to believe that man is so gregarious an animal that he cannot, in the natural order of things, be content to bestow the wealth of his affections on one woman. To this doctrine no self-respecting married man will subscribe—not even to his inner conscience. He may admit a capacity to admire the other sex, but that disposi-

tion, we contend, is induced by his superior knowledge gained in the matrimonial state. The longer he lives in domestic amity the more firmly fixed his admiration for women in general. Nay, he may even love, at a respectful distance, that which is not for him personally, and which he would scorn to attempt to possess by a donning of false colors, i. e., the wearing of a bachelor's button—criminal offense or otherwise.

Nor do we hold with Montaigne that marriage is an open question wherein it is alleged, from the beginning of the world, that such as are in the institution wish to get out and such as are out wish to get in. Evidently, those misogynists who seek to intimate that benedicts would slyly wear bachelor's buttons, for purposes of deception, have become inoculated with insidious views through pernicious reading, for we cannot conceive of any married man of our acquaintance essaying to cast reflection on his domestic hearth by so pusillanimous a trick. Bring on your bachelor's button, pile on the penalty for its fraudulent use, our withers are unwrung!

PLAIN RULES TO PREVENT FOREST FIRES

IT HAS been estimated that an average of ten million acres is burned over annually in the United States, involving a monetary loss of \$20,000,000. More and more the importance of protection from forest fires is evidenced by the efforts made in that direction. The forest service is charged with the protection of 162 national forests, aggregating nearly two hundred million acres. Fifteen states have effective forest laws enforced by efficient organizations under a state forester or a chief fire warden; other states are arranging for similar preventive measures. Private owners everywhere have organized protective associations, supplementing the efforts of the state and national governments to reduce the fire risk.

Here in Southern California, where the life-giving qualities of the soil inhere in artificial irrigation, the burning of thousands of acres of water shed, such as was experienced last winter in the San Bernardino range, constitute a serious menace to agriculturists and horticulturists in the valleys below, hence the necessity for exercising the greatest care to avoid a repetition of disastrous fires of this nature. Fire destroys not alone the timber, but the soil covering; this causes rapid run-off on steep slopes, and erosion results. The soil washed out is the chief source of sediment in the channels of navigable streams as Mr. J. Girvin Peters has pointed out in a pamphlet recently issued by the National Forest Service. Forest fires, therefore, cause irregularity of streamflow and loss of navigability which is one reason why we find the United States government cooperating with the states under what is known as the Weeks law to protect navigable streams, through promoting forest protection by the states and by private owners.

Already, the forest fire season has opened in this section with a fire in Devil Canyon in the Angeles National Forest. Two hundred acres were burned over a few days ago before the rangers succeeded in getting it under control. It originated on the right of way of a power company where brush was being burned to effect a clearing. To guard against ordinary conditions, whose inobservance leads to fires, the United States district forester asks travelers in the mountains to follow faithfully these six rules:

- (1) Be sure your match is out before you throw it away.
- (2) Knock out your pipe ashes or throw your cigar or cigarette stump where there is nothing to catch fire.
- (3) Don't build a camp fire any larger than is absolutely necessary. Never leave it even for a short time without putting it OUT with water or dirt.
- (4) Don't build a camp fire against a tree or a log. Build a small one where you can scrape away the needles, leaves or grass from all sides of it.
- (5) Don't build bonfires. The wind may come up at any time and start a fire you cannot control.
- (6) If you discover a fire, put it out if possible, if you can't, get word of it to the nearest United States forest ranger or state fire warden just as quickly as you possibly can.

If the public will cooperate with the forest service the rangers will have better reports to make to their superiors than in past seasons. When it is understood that seventy-one of the forest fires in 1911 were

caused by carelessness of hunters and campers the obligation to obey implicitly the six plain rules above set forth is imperative.

ISSUES IN THE PRESSMEN'S STRIKE

CURIOUSLY enough the strike of the pressmen in Chicago is not over a question of wages. The point at issue is whether the pressmen's union shall dictate to the publishers the number of men to be employed on each press in excess of the number called for by an agreement existing hitherto between the publishers and the union. The trouble had been a long time brewing before its culmination May 1, and there is a well-defined rumor that the Chicago newspaper publishers have been preparing for many months to lock horns with the trade unions which have, thus far, been able to rule the situation.

When, May 1, the management of Mr. Hearst's two papers in Chicago elected, under its contract, to determine the number of men employed on each press and ordered the same to be manned with a crew of similar size to that of others employed elsewhere on presses of like size, the members of the union refused to work under the order and also declined to arbitrate the question. As this constituted a strike which vitiated the contract between the Publishers' Association and the union, the employing publishers served notice that the pressrooms thereafter would be operated without recognition of the local pressmen's union. In other words, that the "open shop" principle would prevail.

Great pressure has been brought by the pressmen's union to call a sympathetic strike, but the typographical union, which has a cast-iron contract with the publishers, thus far has declined to accede. Should the printers decided to support the pressmen in their contentions and quit work, the mailers will walk out and the strike will become general. It is said that the publishers are prepared for this emergency and will import non-union help rather than yield to what they declare is an unwarranted demand on the part of the pressmen and a breach of faith by the printers. Non-union printers or linotype operators are not any too skillful nor yet any too dependable, hence if the typographical union casts its lot with the pressmen the miseries of the publishers and the irritation of the reading public in and about Chicago will be manifold. Wise counsel would seem to incline to arbitration by the pressmen. This should be insisted upon by tradesunion men everywhere, if public sympathy is to be enlisted.

GRAPHITES

California's delegation in the house appears to have made an impression on the Democratic majority since by a vote of 92 to 61 the San Francisco mint was saved to the country along with those at New Orleans and Carson City. Champ Clark did not fail to add his mite. Let the Doxology be sung with unction, please.

Bryan has made ducks and drakes of Harmon's candidacy in Ohio by publicly charging that friends of the governor sought to bribe delegates to desert the Peerless One's cause in 1908. Harmon denies the allegation, but Bryan insists that he has the proof and fearlessly reiterates the accusation. He has made a score of speeches in Ohio to that effect.

Judging by the extraordinary number of contests which the Republican national committee will have to settle the decision to convene in Chicago June 6, twelve days in advance of the convention, is a matter of necessity. Besides, by that time the fate of both leading candidates will be pretty well known, thereby rendering decisions easier.

Owing to the alleged peccability of Judge Archibald of the Commerce Court that court of appeal was voted out of existence today so far as the lower house of congress is concerned, Republicans, including progressives, supporting the Democratic majority. It was denounced as a court of delay, antagonistic and destructive, with too sweeping powers of injunctions. Poor old Commerce Court!

Violators of game laws in the state unconsciously furnished a great feast to San Quentin prisoners today through the confiscation of their illegal shipments, which were seized by the California Fish and Game commissioners wherever found and placed in cold storage to supplement a convict's bill-of-fare. Doubtless, many fervent prayers were voiced that more of such conscienceless hunting might continue.

Springtime Outside of the French Capitol---By Frank Patterson

PARIS newspapers advertised a total eclipse of the sun for April 17 at noon. The descriptions given of it were glowing, and the directions for reaching a favorable position for observing it very precise and easily followed. The line of totality was scheduled to touch the north-western corner of the Spanish peninsula, to enter France near Ollone, and to travel from there in a north-easterly direction, passing just north of Paris and becoming partial or annular near the frontier of Germany. From the diagram given by the papers it seemed clear that the nearer the coast you were the more nearly total the eclipse would appear, and I somehow had a doubt in my mind whether or not the scientists were quite sure that it would be total at all anywhere. It was reported that astronomers were going all the way to Portugal to see it, others as far as Ollone, that is, as far as they could get to the southwest in France.

Also it is Spring, most beautiful, blue, green, sunshiny Spring, and we poor city-dwellers, tied up between stone walls for the greater part of the year, soon get a longing to go out in the country where Nature thrives without the aid of a gardener, a municipal grant and a mulching pile. And what better excuse for such an excursion could be found than a total eclipse? I suddenly discovered in myself an utterly unsuspected interest in astronomical science. I felt that my life would be saddened, that I would never be able to smile again, that I would be permanently injured by not seeing that particular eclipse. That I really could not wait till 1999 to see the next scheduled repetition of the event. That something if not unexpected at least none the less unwelcome might intervene. I soon succeeded in persuading myself that this eclipse was a matter of such genuine importance that I really could not interfere with its complete success by absenting myself. Also that it could not possibly be observed properly anywhere near Paris, that it would be absolutely necessary to go at least a little way down toward the coast.

So I took a map of France and I drew a line along the path of the advertised centrality. On that line I found the town of Chartres, and instantly my mind was made up: I would go to Chartres! There is a wonderful cathedral in Chartres which I, in all my travels, had never seen, and that was reason enough for me to feel satisfied in my own mind that Chartres was the only place in France which would prove satisfactory (to me) to observe the eclipse, and also the only place in France where the sun would be shining at that particular hour on that particular day. Not being experienced in writing about eclipses I am not sure that it is the proper thing to say that the sun is shining when it is eclipsed,—but you know what I mean.

The moment I had firmly made up my mind I began to waver. There were other places nearer Paris, more easily reached and more directly in the exact line of centrality. How decide? Evidently the simplest way would be the toss of a coin, also the most satisfactory way in case things ultimately went wrong, for it would then throw all of the responsibility on the coin. So the coin was tossed, heads for Chartres, tails for the other place. And it came down heads. Upon which somebody made the remark that the coin had to be tossed three times, the best two out of three wins. A most uncalled for statement and quite unauthorized, but it again raised a doubt, and so the coin was tossed again (with much misgiving)—but again came down heads! So that settled it: to Chartres we would go. And to Chartres we went.

But you people who live out there in the great West in the land of glorious sunshine certainly cannot realize what Spring means to us over here after a tepid, moist, influenza-breeding winter. You cannot realize how it seems to see the trees taking on their fresh coat of green after the endlessly-monotonous brown tints of nearly six months. In the winter months here, there is nothing at all to attract one to go out into the country. The sun circles about near the horizon, shining obliquely down into the streets that run north and south, and never reaching the other streets at all. The atmosphere, though not cold, has the unhealthy feel about it of a damp vault. The few really cold, crisp days are a real relief, but are altogether too rare to count. And the general feeling is that it is more pleasant to be indoors where the air is at least dry, just as it is certainly more pleasant to be in your house than in your cellar.

But with the advent of Spring all this is changed. The sun gets up on high. It rises very early, way up in the northeast, and sets very late, far north

of west. The days are delightfully long, delightfully mild, the trees are green with leaves or brilliant with many-colored blossoms, and the microbes are abroad (so the French doctors tell you) and one should be careful to stay indoors! Not for mine. I should be careful to stay out of doors, especially when there is an eclipse—at Chartres. My first thought on waking, in unison probably with two million or more other wakers, is the weather. Is the sun shining? I turn over and peep out of the window. Yes, the sun is shining. It is early, but the sun is up, and it is time for me to be up, too; the train leaves at nine o'clock.

I find myself at the station fifteen minutes before train time. I take my seat, a good seat next to the window in an empty compartment, and watch the people who come to take the train. I cannot help comparing not only the people but the train, the service and the station with such things in America. This is an express train with stops only at the principal points and so the comparison is fair. Here, there is a gate with a sign, but it leads to any one of four or five tracks. There are a number of men standing around in uniforms, obviously employees, though not visibly employed, but none of them seems to be placed there to direct passengers to their train. Instead of a palatial American parlor-car there is a flimsy affair with dirty windows, dirty seats, shabby in the extreme. And instead of a polite porter ready to attend to your wants there is nobody, either polite or otherwise, in sight. The whole length of the platform there is actually not a single official to see that people get in their proper compartments which, considering the train is made up of both first and second class cars, corresponding to our ordinary coaches and parlor-cars, seems to me a strange omission. For, as an actual matter of fact, any holder of a second class ticket might just as well travel first-class, for the tickets are punched at the gate as you pass in to take your train, and are taken up at the gate as you pass out of the station at your destination, not being called for on the train at all. There is an occasional inspector who passes along the platform at a way station opening all the carriage doors and examining the passengers' tickets. But how can this be done when there is no stop between your point of departure and your destination?

But then, as my companion on this trip remarked, if you see the crowd what can you expect? They looked poor and tacky. Not rough, but slovenly. Many of them carried card-board boxes in lieu of baggage, and there was not a decent looking leather bag among them. The trunks were made of tin, and there were many uncovered hamper baskets. They straggle in by twos and threes, there is a great slamming of doors, and at last the train starts. For a while we pass above or between dirty houses, the mass of mustiness that gradually grows up in hundreds of years of poverty and suppression. Then we pass the fortifications, outside of which are an endless succession of market-gardens. We seem to rise higher and higher above the city and the views to the right, out over the valley of the Seine, are magnificent.

At last we are in the open country, and then our joy begins. Impossible to describe this country to those who have not seen it. It is as different from the American landscape, and especially the California landscape, as anything it is possible to imagine. Here the little farms of country homes are surrounded by stone walls, all tinted the most lovely shades of brown and green by the wear of weather and the growth of moss, the roofs are often of thatch, and in the tiny little towns one passes so frequently these picturesque old houses are crowded together and piled on top of each other in a way that seems surely to be the work of a divinely gifted painter looking for effects,—for it seems impossible that such growth could arise from the planning of practical human brains.

To the right and left we pass meadows with cattle or fields plowed by teams of six oxen with heavy bands about their brows and driven by a figure out of one of Millet's pictures, a long, thin rod in his hand with which, from time to time he gently touches the oxen to guide their steps. We cross many roads, wonderful roads, as smooth as those in a city park, and bordered with regular lines of tall poplars or fruit trees covered with a solid mass of white or pale rose-colored blossoms. There is a very slight haze and the whole landscape is bathed in the pale, golden light of the morning sun, broken here and there by a thin line of smoke

that rises straight from a cottage chimney and then, at a great height, spreads out gracefully and is absorbed in the light blue of the sky.

We arrive at Chartres not long before twelve, take an open carriage at the station and drive slowly out toward the line, a little northwest of the town, where the eclipse will be total. We follow a little river flowing quietly between lines of trees and surmounted on the far side by villas, cross under a splendid railway viaduct of grey stone, through a little village where the children at the village school are watching the sun, under the direction of their teacher, through bits of smoked glass, and pass out again into the open country, climbing a long hill. Here I direct my driver to stop, and we wait patiently for the eclipse to arrive. It does so at last, but is in many ways a disappointment. It is not total, but it is evident that we are indeed exactly in the line of centrality, for at the moment when the moon is exactly before the face of the sun we see plainly a circle of brightness entirely surrounding the black disk of the moon. This ring of fire is not regular but has rather the form of a number of heads joined together by thin bands of light, a phenomenon that is said to be due to the irregularities of the moon's surface. This lasted but a few seconds, but, to me, the most interesting and beautiful effect of the eclipse was the curious light effect immediately before and after the period of totality; not exactly the effect of twilight that follows the setting sun, but rather a weird, pale effect, pale and yet glowing, like the lights in a theater or panorama. It is infinitely mysterious and curious.

And the moment the sun appeared again I ordered my driver to get home and be quick about it, for I was hungry and chilled by the strange cold wind that seemed to blow from the darkened sun. And so ended our eclipse. The remainder of the day need not be described: our luncheon at the excellent Chartres hotel, our visit to the splendid cathedral, our walk about the quaint old streets, our train, late and stuffy to return to Paris. (For such trips never end in perfection). But this eclipse will long remain a pleasant memory, not because it was the occasion of my first trip to Chartres.

FRANK PATTERSON.

Paris, April 22, 1912.

HIGHLY "MORAL" PLAY "THE GREYHOUND"

LIKE the "Deep Purple," "The Greyhound" is a play of crooks, a rankly-sensational melodrama, but an exceedingly good one for all that. The interest of course centers in the games that the crooks play, but there is also the poor young wife who loves her husband, chief crook of all. She turns working girl when she finds he is a scamp and sticks to him in the hope of making him straight, but all she gets for her pains is a cup of cold poison. You can get really worked up about her. But if you do you will miss several of the laughs that are going around and they are worth getting. The lines are exceptionally clever. The use of the vernacular is vivid to say the least, and the characters are well-differentiated. The plans that are laid are deep, and as should happen in all proper melodramas the villain, or rather the villains, for there are four of them in this play, are foiled. It is always nice to see the put-up game blocked.

Louis Fellman, the Greyhound, sleek as the name indicates, learns that the wealthy Allens, mother, two sons and a daughter, are sailing on the Mauretania, so he lets his little wife take all the poison instead of joining her, according to his promise, in a journey to the Better Land, and leaving her for dead in a crumpled heap on the floor, with his associates, Whispering Alex, the Pale Face Kid, and Deep Sea Kitty, sails with Allens. But there is one little fact he doesn't know and it is always the one little unknown fact that the villain cannot take into account that proves his undoing. McSherry, one-time gambler, now reformed and an agent of "The Eye," is on board. McSherry is in love with Fellman's little wife and he arrived as all heroes should, in the nick of time. The proper antidote puts the little woman on her feet again and he is taking her to her relatives in England. The Greyhound's plans are excellent and but for this one little fact he would surely carried them to perfection. Whispering Alex is a clever forger. With his help a neat letter of introduction is concocted and presented to the Allens, and once in their good graces the Greyhound is sure that he can do the rest.

The daughter is in love with a poor but worthy

football player fresh from college and mother and older brother command her to have nothing to do with him. As she does not obey the mandate and said football player is on board, easy of access, Fellman explains that all such things can be decided by a money settlement. What more natural than to ask this wise and accommodating friend to attend to the dirty details. He is given a check for fifty thousand dollars to hand over to the young man, and with Whispering Alex's assistance is able to return to mother and son a signed agreement from the football player that he will never more see this little sweetheart. While The Greyhound is busy at this, Deep Sea Kitty is getting in her fine work with son number two who confesses that he is "awfully brutal with women." The Pale Face Kid with a face that would start the cows after him is the only member of the gang who is not high class. If I aint in jail once a week, he says, all the police get the rash. He is brought along because he refuses to stay behind. And he is out to pick up any little thing he can. He begins with a lonely steamer rug and the nut cracker. "left by the dame with the nuts." His chief stunt is poker, however, and things go his way until he meets his match in McSherry.

McSherry has his eye on the bunch and he blocks one after another of their schemes, the faithful wireless sputtering out messages the while that takes the heart at last out of even Deep Sea Kitty. She poses as a baroness and son number two is fascinated with her. Mother, of course, interferes, and then with Whispering Alex in the character of a London barrister, Baroness Von Hilde holds her up for some loose change, it doesn't matter how much, whatever they will stand for, she tells Whispering Alex. Begin with \$25,000, but take two dollars if you have to. She is about to get a neat little check when her history reaches McSherry by wireless. It is so juicy that Deep Sea Kitty decides to let her blackmailing scheme go to the winds and takes McSherry's hint that if she does not go quietly to her stateroom and stay there she will be escorted ashore by a man in uniform. Paleface Kid has met so many easy marks that he decides on the last night out to make a gorgeous night of it. But McSherry joins the game and all he wants is a single deal. So when the Kid has staked his roll on four aces McSherry sees to it that the poor but noble young athlete has a queen high straight flush. The pot goes to him and there is nothing now to stand in the way of true love, and the Kid hasn't even car fare left.

The Greyhound has already had his nerves shaken by believing he has seen the ghost of his poisoned wife roaming around the ship. Just as he secures his fifty thousand he is allowed to see her again and to prove that she is real. Then he finds it convenient to drop overboard and the liner does not stop to pick him up. And now the little wife who has seen all the baseness of her husband is free to marry the man that loves her and everybody that ought to be is happy ever after. Of course, there is no reality suggested, rather is there pleasant exaggeration and a capital sense of fun, and freshness. The play is well-staged and well-acted. Henry Kollker as the Greyhound is particularly smooth and plausible. Robert McWade is good as the agent of the Eye. But to Elita Proctor Otis and to Jay Wilson the real honors belong. Elita Proctor Otis is a flamboyant Kitty amazingly togged out. She and the Paleface Kid get every bit of fun out of their roles that good fat parts and good acting make possible. It was the Kid I believe that said, "A man who don't go straight on his own account don't go straight for a woman—after marriage." Which goes to show that the Greyhound New York, May 6, 1912.

ANNE PAGE.

STRAY THOUGHTS BY B. C. T.

THOSE magnificent, spectacular sights of an international exposition up to its last night, when its incomparable splendor goes out almost at the drop of a handkerchief constitute one of the most pathetic events that can happen to the works of man. I have attended two expositions in Paris, one in London, one in Manchester and those in Philadelphia, Chicago and Buffalo, and at three of these I have witnessed the curtains drop on the illuminated scenes, and I shall never forget the closing day and night of the Paris Exposition in 1900. It seemed as though the ghost of a magnificent past hovered over the exposition upon the last night of its existence. Great shafts of light struggled to pierce the low-hanging clouds, revealing shadowy masses moving slowly in the heavens. The Eiffel Tower outlined by thousands of electric lights stood sentinel over the closing scenes. Both sides of the river were masses of light, as were the Trocadero and the bridges crossing the Seine. In the Champ

de Mars silent crowds tramped along the muddy walks under a perfect blaze of colored lights to the Chateau d'Eau, to see the last of the wonderful electric fountain. A gun boomed from the Eiffel Tower—it was eleven o'clock. The fountain which a moment before was alive with ever-changing color became dark and still. Slowly the great figures "1900" outlined in fire under the top of the arch faded away. A few drops of rain began to fall. "On ferme," cried the officials. The exposition was over. A drummer of the Garde de Paris began to beat the tattoo, and without any exhibition of enthusiasm or regret the final attendance at the great show dispersed. Many of the attractions and restaurants did not wait for the closing hour. Early in the evening the Trocadero quarter was practically deserted. Few lights were to be seen along the right bank of the Seine, where were located many of the restaurants noted for their cuisine and high prices. Vieux Paris held out to the last, as did the Restaurant Royal Roumain. It was in the rue de Paris that the very last hour of the life of the exposition passed. Although more than half the cafes and places of amusement were dark and deserted, the proprietors of those remaining open neglected no device calculated to bring in a little money. Prices were cut all along the line, and 25 centimes was the prevailing charge. In the cafes where musicians were employed, the largest crowds gathered, determined to see the end. It was not long coming. Promptly at midnight the electric lights gave a few warning winks; sergents de ville entered the places where singing was in progress and politely assisted the performers from the platforms, at the same time holding the doors open, a hint that the people were not slow to take. The life of the rue de Paris had come to its end. The attendance the last day was very large, especially as in many instances entrance tickets were to be had for the asking, but there was nothing like such a crowd as the previous Sunday, when 589,000 people passed the stiles. Tickets were selling in the morning at 10 centimes (2 cents). They could be had the day before at 6 francs. In the afternoon the official kiosks marked the price down to 5 centimes (1 cent), which so exasperated the hawkers that they determined to give them away, rather than see the kiosks sell them at the low price. Many of these men displayed signboards on which was inscribed a notice: "I am giving these tickets away." The rush for these disinterested benefactors led to a scrimmage, and the police had to interfere. Here are a few statistics regarding the number of visitors at all the universal exhibitions held in Paris: In 1867, when all the sovereigns came in state, there were 8,179,920, or a daily average of 44,699. In 1878 there were 12,039,741, or a daily average of 65,789. In 1889 there were 25,121,975, or a daily average of 152,158. The total for 1900 exceeded 50,000,000, or a daily average of about 250,000. On one day in September there were more than 600,000 visitors, whereas the maximum obtained in 1889 was 355,337. Regarding the number of foreign visitors in 1889 there were 380,000 English, and 225,400 Belgians. In 1900 the largest contingent was furnished by Germany, while the Americans, Russians, Belgians, Spaniards and Italians were far more numerous than in 1889. On the other hand, the English had not exceeded their number for the last exhibition.

* * *

When W. H. Mills, land agent of the Central Pacific railroad, died—seven years ago—there went away to that "undiscovered country" one of the most charming, able, upright and distinguished of California's citizens and his service created a profound impression upon the hearts of those who knew him well, as he was held in high estimation by all who had ever had any continued relations with him wherever foresight, wisdom, firmness or fairness played a part. I had known him intimately for thirty odd years, and we had lunched together at the old railroad building at Fourth and Townsend (San Francisco), for twelve years (intermittently). We had also passed several months more or less together in Europe and in the East, and often corresponded with each other for nearly a quarter of a century. Therefore we came to know each other well. When Mr. Redding, land agent of the Central Pacific, died, Mr. Mills was editor of the Sacramento Record-Union, which paper was owned by the railroad people, and I was at the head of the literary and advertising department of the company. Mr. Redding's place was first offered to me, but I felt incapable of accepting a billet with duties so onerous and complex and liked my own genial and agreeable position much the better, although the salary was not so large. So Mr. Mills, who, by the way, declined at first, accepted it, and we two struck up a small mutual admiration society from that time—more than a quarter of a century ago—which had never been dissolved. When the serious struggle for the presidency of the Southern Pacific company took place

between Stanford and Huntington, a number of years ago, and the former was crowded out by the latter, it seemed as if Mr. Mills had thrown over his old-time friend Stanford and had made himself conspicuously subservient to the dictates of the new president. This was not so, purely because there was no such ingredient in his loyal make-up. He was compelled to recognize Mr. Huntington as the president, but lost none of his fealty for his old friend the governor. But about this time, Frank Pixley, who had drawn big sums from Stanford and had been making him a god in the Argonaut, began slurring Huntington and his newly-married (second) wife, and Mills undertook to get Stanford to "hush Pixley up," but did not succeed. In the death of Mr. Mills the state lost one of its really great, as he was one of its noblest men. In all my acquaintance I have never been intimate with a more agreeable or fascinating conversationalist; for Mills could converse fluently and rapturously on any current topic or on general subjects and was extremely well equipped with information on matters of the world's history, of foreign and domestic legislation, poetry, religion, drama and song. His words almost literally dropped from his lips like pearls, and I never passed an hour with him that I did not feel that I was a great gainer thereby. Mr. Mills had been a prodigious worker and had been sick nearly to death a number of times for twenty years; and he had also been the victim of many vexatious and bitter private troubles of which the multitude of his nearest friends knew nothing.

* * *

Just as a good many high-ball tossers go into ecstasies over Scotch whiskey, which is more artistically adulterated than our best Bourbon and rye, so unnumbered thousands smack their lips over Rhine wine which is more basely adulterated than the crack wines brought to the United States from Bordeaux. And as Heinrich Heine described Rhine wine as "pale as the moon and maddening as its light," it is of more than common interest to be let into the secret of the ways in which this choice elixir, of which we import and consume so much, is modernly made. The evidence given in a Russian court of the employes of Dr. Schlamp, the proprietor of extensive vineyards in Nierstein, the home of the highest brands, throws an interesting light on the subject. He used to turn 500 gallons of fair ordinary Rhine wine into 1000 gallons of high class Niersteiner in this way: First he added 500 gallons of Rhine water to the wine, then he mixed in, scientifically, ammonia, tannic acid, isinglass, prunes, raisins, oil of vitriol, gelatines and various drugs, after which he added something out of a phial which he always carried in his pocket, the composition of which he carefully kept a secret. The doctor did not deny the testimony of his employes, but said that all producers of high class Rhine wine pursued similar methods, and he made an appeal to the German public prosecutor to drop the case, on the ground that pursuing it and giving it publicity would tend to the injury of the business.

My Lullaby Song

Deep in my heart, so thrillingly sweet,
Is the tenderest song I know.
In my heart it has nestled for years and years,
And at times I whisper it low!

I have wanted to sing it aloud—so loud
That all the wide world might hear!
It is not mine to sing, and I guard it close
With a prayer, a sigh, a tear!

Alone in my dreams I may sing the song,
But, un comforted, wake with the morn—
'Tis the lullaby song that I never may sing
To my babies that never were born.

—EDITH DALEY.

Ask Me No More

Ask me no more; the moon may draw the sea:
The cloud may stoop from heaven and take the shape
With fold to fold, of mountain or of cape:
But, O too fond, when have I answered thee?
Ask me no more.

Ask me no more: what answer should I give?
I love not hollow cheek or faded eye:
Yet, O my friend, I will not have thee die!
Ask me no more, lest I should bid thee live:
Ask me no more.

Ask me no more: thy fate and mine are sealed;
I strove against the stream, and all in vain:
Let the great river take me to the main:
No more, dear love, for at a touch I yield;
Ask me no more.
—ALFRED, LORD TENNYSON (The Princess).

WELL-BEHAVED HARVESTER TRUST

FROM Cyrus H. McCormick, president of the International Harvester Company, with headquarters at Chicago, The Graphic is in receipt of an abstract of the report of the company for 1911, together with a statement regarding the suit of the United States government against the so-called Harvester Trust. It is alleged in the latter circular that the Harvester case differs radically in its facts from other alleged trusts, previously decided under the Sherman law, in these particulars:

(1) The International Harvester Company was organized in 1902 for the purpose of securing economy in the manufacture and sale of harvesting machinery, and of increasing the foreign trade. (2) It had no water in its capitalization, and it has earned only a reasonable return on its capital—less than seven per cent per annum on the average. (3) The prices of its machines are now substantially the same as in 1902, notwithstanding an increase of 15 per cent in raw material prices and 30 per cent in wages. (4) The Company has caused a large saving to American farmers in the cost of agricultural implements. (5) It has increased the foreign trade in agricultural implements fourfold in nine years; its foreign sales in 1911 were more than \$42,000,000. (6) It has not sold cheaper abroad than at home. (7) Its treatment of its customers, its employees, its agents and its competitors has been in accord with the highest standard of ethics and honorable business methods. (8) To the farmer it has given better service and better machines; to agents and dealers, a less hazardous and fluctuating business; and to its employees it has given higher wages, improved and sanitary working conditions, insurance against sickness, accident and old age, and a share in the profits.

Here, then, is a nice, well-behaved trust that one could take home and introduce to one's family without fear of contaminating the household morals. As a matter of fact the state supreme court of Missouri has already given the company a clean bill of health. After reviewing all the testimony, in a suit on appeal, it used this language: "On the whole, the evidence shows that the International Harvester Company has not used its power to oppress or injure the farmers who are its customers." It is asserted, and the recent political spat between Taft and Roosevelt corroborates the affirmation, that more than six years ago the company asked for its investigation by the government, and opened all its books and records for inspection, and furnished all information requested. No suggestion of any change in its business methods has been made to it by the government at any time, it is declared.

There have been intimations that Mr. Taft's counsellors have induced him to play politics in beginning suit against the Harvester Company—after three years of inaction—just five days before the Massachusetts primary election, but perhaps the President thought he was justified in so doing. If a jury could give the Beef Trust an acquittal there would seem to be hope for the Harvester Trust, which comes so well recommended from Missouri. President Cyrus McCormick assures us that the company has voluntarily reduced its selling price, owing to the decline in the raw material markets, its foreign trade now equals forty per cent of its total sales, its average number of employees last year was 41,690, its old age pension fund, to which the company is the sole contributor, now amounts to \$1,027,000, of which \$250,000 was added last year, and it has appropriated \$500,000 toward establishing a permanent industrial accident fund. It has also taken commendable measures to prevent the spread of tuberculosis among its employees. Until Uncle Sam reports to the contrary we shall look upon this as a really human and well-behaved trust in spite of the suspicion that may attach to us as inclining to the plutocrats. Of course, the Harvester Trust is a beneficiary of the high tariff iniquity, but Mr. Taft has not done much to eliminate that special privilege. Perhaps he is waiting for the expert commission to report.

Spite Fencers to Be Muzzled

Los Angeles will soon have an ordinance in opposition to spite-fencing and one that will hold in court. Also, the city is determined to enact a police regulation that shall keep dogs muzzled at all times. Both of these proposed laws are now being formulated in the city attorney's office.



Birthday Surprise to Bradner W. Lee

About a dozen of Judge Bradner W. Lee's intimate friends were summoned by Mrs. Lee to surprise the popular attorney at a birthday dinner anniversary at the Jonathan Club last Saturday evening, and so carefully had the affair been guarded that when the well-known lawyer arrived to meet a few men on "important business" and was escorted into one of the private dining rooms, where a round table exquisitely decorated in blushing tulips was disclosed, he was decidedly nonplused. But the judge quickly recovered when his friends pledged him "many happy returns of the day," and following the discussion of a delicious menu, Dr. J. F. Lobingier, who acted as toastmaster, managed to inveigle half a dozen of the guests into telling reminiscences of a personal nature, in which the guest of the evening figured. It was interesting to hear General Chaffee relate incidents of a mutual nature that happened forty years ago, Dr. MacGowan recall early political campaignings together in Los Angeles, E. P. Clark tell of neighborly experiences and the Judge's friend and associate of a quarter of a century, H. A. Unruh dwell lovingly on the experiences they have encountered together since the early 80's. A more delightful evening I have rarely passed.

Florence Willard's Subtle Poem

From the Stanford Sequoia I reprint an astonishingly good poem by Miss Florence Willard of class '15 whose "Wan o' the Wood," that dainty little fairy play which Los Angeles was privileged to see at the Majestic a year ago, will be recalled with pleasure by many. Miss Willard comes by her talents naturally. Her father, C. D. Willard, is an accomplished and forceful writer, and her mother a woman of acute mind. Here is the subtle little poem, which is entitled, "Beyond":

From the foot of a scaffold a murderer's soul
Parted the lifeless clay;
And waiting beside his corpse he found
A spirit to guide his way.

Slow, on unpracticed wings he pierced,
Through the infinite space above,
And ever beside him the other flew
With the patience of perfect love.

"Who are you?" to the spirit he cried.
As side by side they flew.
"I am the soul of him who died;
I am the man you slew."

Dedicating Bob Marsh's Cabin

About two score of Bob Marsh's admiring friends helped their host dedicate to good comradeship the log cabin which has taken form under the watchful eye of the owner at the northwest corner of the Marsh grounds, in Westchester Place. It is an attractive, rambling, one-story affair, eminently suited to the purpose for which it is intended—fun and good fellowship. A balcony overlooking the main floor is just large enough to house half a dozen musicians, and a covered promenade extends along the sixty feet of south wall. A big red-clinker-brick fire place with its old-fashioned andirons and "logs," is an inviting spot for chill nights and an outdoor balcony off the billiard room overlooks the tennis court. A quartette of colored singers and banjoists and a Dutch supper of delectable proportions helped to make a merry evening, not the least enjoyable part of which was the solo singing by Rob Rowan and the extempore speeches by Gurney Newlin, Walter Leeds, Ora Monnette, and other oratorical lights. Tributes to the host were many and voluntary.

Mining Man of Ability

George Mitchell, who, with the late Col. W. C. Greene, made the Cananea famous by inducing twenty million dollars of New York and Boston capital to be invested in that region, is home again after an absence of nearly two years in Belgium, France and Holland. Mitchell brought with him several capitalists from Europe who are to take

over the Clara property in Arizona, which has been in a receiver's hands for several weeks. There probably is no better equipped smelter man in the world than George Mitchell, who has made several fortunes in mining in the last fifteen years. He is the owner of choice bits of Los Angeles real estate, the former Walter S. Moore homestead on Figueroa near Fourteenth being one of his best holdings which Mitchell acquired a decade or so ago for about \$20,000. Today it is worth more than a quarter of a million.

Patriot on the Carpet

Los Angeles is no longer encumbered with a county statistician, the last legislature having abolished that remarkable position. The place was created for the express purpose of giving a San Gabriel supernumerary of the Old Guard a position to which there had been attached a comfortable salary. In January, 1910, a contract was made by the terms of which the statistical patriot was to receive from the county treasurer the sum of \$4500 to cover a period of three years. By way of make weight there was tacked on \$300 a year for expenses. The latter item was only recently revealed and the board of supervisors has cited the recipient to show cause why it should be continued.

Invalided From China

Homer Lea, a wreck of his former self, arrived home Tuesday after an absence in the Orient of about a year. He went from here to Paris and London, and it was while he was in the latter city that he received his first authentic news of the uprisal in China. He at once sailed for Hong Kong where he was met by Dr. Sun, who has been an intimate friend for years. General Lea is in a weak physical condition and only the most careful nursing will restore him to nominal condition.

New S. P. Station Likely

From New York comes a story to the effect that while in the east President Sproule is to secure from Judge Lovett and his associates of the Southern Pacific executive committee approval to rush the work of rebuilding the Arcade station. The plans have been ready for more than four years and to this time those in control of the situation have been of the opinion that the matter might be delayed indefinitely, at least, until such a time as certain concessions demanded by the railroad company here had been granted. Now that these favors are not forthcoming, and with the San Diego and the San Francisco fairs in the making, the Southern Pacific as well as the Salt Lake must be provided with adequate passenger terminal facilities. Los Angeles may reasonably expect to see a new depot a reality within two years.

Rumor in Regard to Clark Road

From New York also comes a rumor that Senator W. A. Clark and his associates may decide to relinquish control of the San Pedro, Los Angeles and Salt Lake lines to the Union-Southern Pacific combination. There is a well-grounded belief that had the late E. H. Harriman not succumbed when he did, by this time he and his Wall street following would be in control of what is known by courtesy as the Clark system. A voting trust in the property is about to expire, when the common stock in the enterprise will be distributed. I believe that T. E. Gibbon was at one time an important owner in this part of the Salt Lake. The shares now have a real money value. There was a time they were more of a liability than an asset.

Like One of the Old Barons

Eddie Maier covered himself with glory in his part of the Shrine program. He planned the big barbecue that fed more than three thousand members of the visiting patrols. The affair was one of the most unique as well as one of the most enjoyable of the many festive functions of the week. Maier bore the entire expense, which must have been not far from \$5000.

Associated Still in Leash

President Sproule of the Southern Pacific has succeeded W. F. Herrin as titular head of the Associated Oil Company. While there still remain Los Angeles shareholders who are satisfied that Associated is about the highest type of investment, most of those who in the past held large blocks of the stock months ago decided that so long as the Southern Pacific retains a majority interest in Associated the shares will not produce anything like a return on the money invested. Associated is selling at this time at about the market of six years ago, with, apparently, no immediate chance for anything better for stockholders. Of course, the Southern Pacific is able to secure exceptionally profitable fuel contracts, through its command of the Associated Oil Company, and probably it was with that in view that this control was acquired. So far as the minor-

ity ownership in Associated is concerned there is nothing particularly encouraging in sight unless indeed, an irate shareholder takes the issue into court and forces a distribution of at least, a part of the company's annual earnings.

Pacific Electric's Laudable Demeanor

With the decision by the supreme court that a five-cent trolley fare may be legally exacted anywhere inside the city limits there is not likely to be a great deal of expansion so far as the Pacific Electric is concerned. The company had intended to broaden its scope extensively in the next few years, a bond issue of more than \$5,000,000 being available for the purpose. But the latest tariff developments in the opinion of men of affairs practically mean confiscation. Of course, capital will not be rushing in to buy securities showing this particular weak spot in what heretofore has been an exceptionally attractive field. In spite of these harrassing encounters it is to the credit of the Pacific Electric management that its demeanor in the numerous controversies has been admirable.

Pinchot's Annual Visit

Gifford Pinchot, who will be in Los Angeles next week, is to make his usual visit to San Clemente when in Southern California. This time, however, he will not be accompanied by Frank Flint, as was the case when he last fished over there. It was on the island that Pinchot first received news of his dismissal from office by President Taft in the Balinger dispute. At that time, Mr. Pinchot and Senator Flint were close personal friends and while this relation has not ceased their political paths have widely diverged. Although Senator Flint is not taking an active part in the pending primary campaign, he is an ardent supporter of Taft for a second term. Of course, Gifford Pinchot has not been a subscriber to any such doctrine for nearly three years.

Recognition for San Diego

San Diego is to have a Shrine of its own, its application having been favorably acted upon by the Imperial Council this week. The new organization starts out with a membership of about 300, and with a waiting list of nearly as many more. Heretofore, San Diego has always been affiliated with Al Malaikah of Los Angeles, and at times the big little burg has not always received its just dues. We all must marvel at the courage of San Diego in undertaking the Panama fair, which with the plucky work of D. C. Collier and his associates is likely to prove one of the biggest enterprises ever carried out in this section. Collier, by the way, is now on his way to Brazil.

No Opposition to Home Tariff

Evidently there is to be no serious opposition to the proposed new telephone rates this year, which indicates a complacent feeling entertained by the rival company to the newer concern that is significant. I hear that the new tariff will add to the income of the Home Telephone Company about \$50,000 a year.

Enamored of the Country

Helen Gould has returned to the east and it will be no surprise to her friends if her visits to Southern California recur every winter. In fact, Miss Gould may build a home near Los Angeles which she will keep open the year round. She has voiced that inclination and has in view a plot of five acres near Pasadena, which she believes will fit into her scheme. Miss Gould made many new friends on her recent visit who are warm in praises of her.

Prediction Comes True

Before the opening of the baseball season I gave utterance to a fear that the Los Angeles team had not been recruited up to the pennant-winning class. In fact I uttered misgivings of a gloomy character. It already appears that these doubts were well grounded. Los Angeles can have no hope of walking away with the banner until a much more liberal policy is adopted by Henry Berry in the matter of providing players of higher class for "all" stations in the field.

Knight Vaults Into the Wagon

George A. Knight, for years an important spoke in the former Old Guard Republican machine, and the present national committeeman from California, created a mild sensation this week when he announced his support of Roosevelt. Knight, who is well known in Los Angeles, less than a month ago declared that while Col. Roosevelt is his personal friend, his duty forced him to favor another term for Taft, at which the Taft managers clapped their hands in glee and heralded the fact far and wide in an interview sent out by the Taft press bureau for California consumption. Evidently, Knight was miffed because he had not been asked

to take the stump for the President and, anxious to jump into the bandwagon, lost no time in getting abroad before it was too late. Knight and former Governor James N. Gillett have not been friends recently, despite the fact that Knight was partially responsible for bringing out the latter as a factor in the Republican politics of the state, and that they were friends for years in the redwoods of Eureka. Knight delivered the principal seconding speech in the national convention when Roosevelt was nominated in 1908.

Where Were the Sporting Editors?

Thousands of readers are wondering what happened to the astute sporting editors of the morning papers that no reports were made of cars which were not one, two, three at the Santa Monica races. Columns of Tetzlaff, Brown, Briggs and other victors were run: photos galore peeped out at reading and glaring heads told all about those who witnessed the events, were interested in individual cars which were not so fortunate, and are wondering yet what took place in regard to these speeders. Outside of The Express extra Saturday, no paper—especially the Sunday editions—gave space to any racers save those which finished up to third. Were no members of the "old guard" newspaper men on the job?

Convention City Proof

Shrine week has been one continuous jollification for the thousands of visitors who have been enjoying the hospitality of Los Angeles for the last ten days. While never before was there such a crowd in the city we have demonstrated an ability to care for any similar gathering, no matter how large. From the best information obtainable the number of persons here from the east for the Shrine gathering was in excess of 25,000, while the total from up and down the Pacific coast and the sections generally termed the extreme west was about 10,000. It is no exaggeration to say that for the flower parade Friday there were in the city close to 500,000 people, counting, of course, the permanent population.

Tag Day and Its Drawbacks

Again tag day has come and gone, with an excess of \$10,000 gathered in by school children and others for charity. While the campaign this year lacked many of the graver objections of former similar affairs, it is still far from an ideal event, barring, of course, the sentiment represented. It does not seem advisable to permit small children—many of them looking as if they sorely needed the money they were soliciting—to be sent out with instructions to raise all they could get. This is said to have been done through the public schools. I would suggest that in future pupils drafted should be at least of the high school grades. The girls might better be excused.

Anything to Beat Wilson.

From San Francisco a correspondent writes that the managers for Champ Clark are working hard to land a big Democratic vote for the Speaker of the house. Insiders affirm that the original plan was to endorse William Randolph Hearst in the Democratic state committee. Theodore A. Bell tried it on, but found it wouldn't work. Then the Clark boom was launched, with the idea of throwing the California delegation into the Hearst camp. Woodrow Wilson is to be defeated, at any cost. W. F. Herrin, years ago a prominent Democrat, is said to be doing business again with the party leaders, after a retirement from the field of about fifteen years. Mr. Herrin is reported to figure that the only way to unhorse the Republican organization in California is to bring the Democracy back to life in this state.

Home Telephone Rumors

There is a smart rumor afloat that a change of ownership in the Home Telephone company is imminent and it goes so far as to declare that the company has been all but transferred. It is also reported that the property was sold for a price approximating \$5,000,000, that the funds are in escrow, and that while the facts may not be revealed for a long time, the deal has been consummated. True or not this is the gossip in the financial district. Apropos, there is no doubt that the San Francisco Home Telephone company's sale is ancient history, in spite of injunctions and other legal proceedings to prevent consummation of the deal. In fact, the proceeds, which approximate \$10,000,000, will be distributed to shareholders in about a month. It is reported that the Sunset people acquired the San Francisco-Oakland plants of the opposition with the distinct understanding that no matter what steps the city of San Francisco might take, there should be no delay so far as the payment was concerned. Most of the purchase price will

come to Los Angeles in thirty days. It has often been a source of surprise that the Los Angeles Home plant was not acquired long ago. The property rests with the common stock, only a little more than half of which needs to be picked up in order to control a plant worth close to \$10,000,000. Perhaps \$1,500,000 worth of common stock, could at any time control the entire corporation. Think of it—half the common stock at the market price of perhaps \$7 a share, for about \$350,000. Recently, the Common has been selling as low as \$5 a share. The present voting trust in the Home Telephone company expires January 1, 1913. It was organized for ten years. Seven trustees control the property. I would not blame those in charge if the company were sold to the Bell monopoly, for Los Angeles has never fully appreciated the fact that ten years ago when the Home Telephone company entered the local field, it was in direct response to an invitation amounting almost to a demand because of a telephone service so wretchedly poor that those who were on the free list ordered it discontinued, in disgust.

Recall Idea Not Popular

There has been more or less discussion of a recall election for the purpose of testing the popularity of certain water commission appointments. Critics of the municipal administration are heard declaring that the mayor is the first head of the city government to drag partisan politics into the water department. The proposed recall movement had made progress when one clear headed business man who was approached, and who it not active in politics, called attention to the fact that such an attempt might reawaken the Socialist nightmare that has been sleeping since December. As a result of this admonition the subject was dropped—temporarily, at least.

Beet Sugar Interests Not Worried

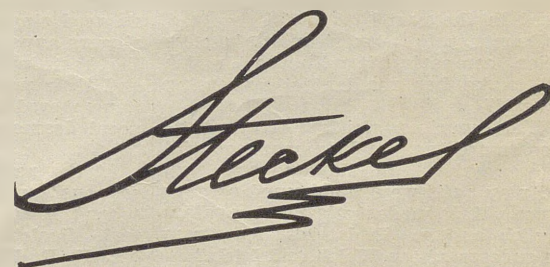
Evidently, those interested in beet sugar in this section are convinced that the so-called Underwood bill, aimed at their industry, now has no chance of passage. Word has reached Los Angeles that the act is doomed, so far as the present session of congress is concerned. Of course, in the event of Democratic success in November, a renewed attempt will be made along the same lines next winter, when it may succeed in getting through the two houses. Southern California has an investment of about \$10,000,000 in beet sugar factories, not counting what is planted in beets. Senator Mark A. Smith of Arizona writes to Los Angeles friends that while he is a tariff reformer, and does not believe in protecting any one industry at public expense, still he is not in favor of free sugar, for the reason that as a revenue producer, it is among the best on the tariff list.

Shows Good Judgment

Samuel E. Allender, chief of the detective bureau of St. Louis, was a visitor here this week, the object of his trip being marriage to Mrs. Minnie Gregg of Sunnyside. Allender, who has held his present position a long time, is among the best known secret service operatives in the country. He says that one of these days he will retire on a pension and that when he does it will be to settle in peace and comfort in Southern California not far from Los Angeles.

Former Chief of Police Wappenstein of Seattle, now in the state penitentiary for bribery, has been set to work peeling potatoes, which would seem to be a consistent occupation for a retired peeler.


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Music



By W. F. Gates

It is interesting to see ourselves as the English see us. Consequently, one reads with interest the interview in the London Musical Herald which William Shakespeare, the eminent singing master, gives to that journal. Mr. Shakespeare arrived in England, after six months in America, most of which time was passed in Los Angeles. So he is better able to give a settled view of this city than are those who flit through it in a day. Said he to the interviewer: "On arrival I was comfortable in a beautiful bungalow house, which had a large studio. As is usual there, a black servant sufficed; her hire cost as much as four servants at home. After London what an acceptable change was Los Angeles! Blue sky ever cloudless and of beautiful hue. Sun not too hot, being 70-80 degrees in the shade in the daytime, nights much cooler, darkening about six o'clock on the longest day. A land of continual summer, a little enervating perhaps, on that account, or at least causing "dolce far niente." A pleasure seeking people. A mighty town, growing rapidly. Hundreds of avenues equal to our widest streets, with lawns in front of the houses, but no hedges or birdcage effects. Among these houses, abundant palms, eucalyptus, and pepper trees; everywhere roses, oranges, lemons, and grape fruit. Teachers are plentiful and are teaching to the best of their ability. Mr. Thilo Becker is a pianoforte master of front rank. He produces pianist after pianist, all playing beautifully. His wife, too, is an excellent violinist. A feature of this Californian life is the use of the telephone. Subscribers switch themselves directly on to any number, not through an exchange, but by turning an index to the required number on a dial. Hardly ever is a letter written; soirees, evening engagements, lessons are all arranged by telephone. With charming manners pupils pay for lessons they have never had and for which notice of absence was not given. [This will appeal to any music teacher].

"Is the standard of singing improving?" we ask.

"Many more good singers than formerly," says Mr. Shakespeare, "are singing difficult airs very well indeed. The terrible class of singing that used to be heard in the cafe chantants is rapidly passing away. Ragtime music is popular, but let us hope that it will soon have had its day. There is a desire already to have something better. The men singers in many cases shout as much as ever in their endeavor to imitate so-called operatic stars. Improvement is certainly noticeable amongst women singers. Phrasing is better, and high notes are sung in the head-voice, bird-like, instead of with that shrieking quality so often heard in the past."

"Does not the American girl's education, comparing it with the English girl, make her readier in expressing herself?"

"The American girl has freer utterance, more 'go,' and is more soulful in expression. In England we sing and play as if we are ashamed of ourselves. This modesty is much against English artists. It detracts less from the success of the Welsh and Irish."

Harry Clifford Lott gave a recital at the New England Conservatory of Music, Boston, April 25. Mr. Lott is giving a series of recitals under the management of the Wolfsohn bureau. Certainly, the students of the con-

servatory mentioned heard a recitalist as good as they can find in their own beloved "Boston." This school has a large reputation in the west, whence it draws the most of its pupils.

One visit to Los Angeles was enough for Brahm Van den Bergh. He wanted to stay. Hinting this to the head of a local dramatic school the excellent accompanist of Mme. Calve was promptly engaged as instructor in piano playing, his term to begin next fall. Mr. Van den Bergh proved in his solo work on the Calve programs that he is a consummate artist. It is seldom that a pianist who has the thankless job of introducing a prima donna's program is recalled and other numbers demanded. Generally, the audience is glad the opening bore is over. Not so in his case. He is unassuming and business like and it is to be hoped will find sufficient encouragement in a financial way to make his residence here a permanent one.

Alexander Heineman, who was heard here two years ago, returns for two vocal recitals under the Behymer management, May 14 and 18. To such as understand German, these will be of great attraction, as Mr. Heinemann is one of the best interpreters of the German lied in this country. He is more conservative than Dr. Wullner and is possessed of a more beautiful voice.

May 16 and 17 the public schools will offer their annual May musical festival at the Auditorium. The musical work in the Los Angeles schools is far and away better than ordinarily found in public schools, even though some of it is better suited to conservatories of music than to medium grades. Mrs. Parsons, Miss Stone and Miss Blythe show results in their choruses that are the best advertisements of their enthusiasm and ability. The afternoon programs will be given by the younger grades and the evening ones by the high schools.

Estelle Dreyfus will give her Gypsy song program at the Woman's club house Friday, May 24. She will be assisted by the Tandler string quartet and by Mrs. Robinson.

Pantage's theater has been offering unusually good music this week, in the singing of Mrs. Richardson and Mr. Affre, of the defunct Grazi opera company. While one must regret the failure of this enterprise one can not help feeling that the general public is the gainer, as it has caused the leading members to be scattered in vaudeville and concert work, reaching a wider public, one that seldom hears as good singing as they can give. The singers appearing here this week were the best in the operatic organization and their work in "Herodiade" will be remembered as the most satisfactory vocal dramatics in years.

At the performance of "Judas Macabaeus" and Mendelssohn's Forty-second Psalm by the Riverside Oratorio Society last week, directed by Mr. E. D. Keck, the soloists included the following from Los Angeles: Mrs. Von Benzon-Mathews, soprano, Gage Christopher, bass, and J. P. Dupuy, tenor. Mrs. J. S. Bright of San Bernardino took the contralto solos. The programs were given in the First Methodist Church and the chorus numbered

Newcomb's 531
533
CORSET SHOP SOUTH BROADWAY

100 voices. This was the most pretentious musical event yet offered by Riverside talent, and is reported as being a great success.

Last week, before the Saturday Afternoon Club of Monrovia, Miss Ballard, violin, Mrs. Ross, piano, Mr. Simonsen, cello, and Mrs. Scarborough, soprano, gave a recital of an unusually high class. Mr. Simonsen played for the first time the cello arrangement of Mrs. Ross' song, "A Lullaby." Miss Esther Palliser includes two of Mrs. Ross' songs for her recital at the Burlington, May 9.

Calvin B. Cady, prominent as a musical pedagogue and writer, is coming to Los Angeles in July to head a normal course of music at the University of California, which is being arranged by Gertrude Parsons and Carrie Truslow. At one time, Mr. Cady stood near the head of American literary musical educators, along with W. S. B. Mathews, Louis C. Elston and John S. Van Cleave.

O. F. Tallman led the Occidental College glee club through a program at the college Friday night, one in which several entertaining numbers, not music, were incorporated. The club is preparing for a concert trip in June.

Homer Grunn presented a number of advanced piano pupils at his home studio last Thursday, in which program the best of classic and modern composers were represented.

Namara Toye, formerly of Hollywood, now of the Metropolitan Opera Company, New York, will be heard here in concert May 24. At a recent dinner of the Gamut Club, she was called out and made a little speech that was captivatingly ingenuous. The Gamut Club boys will be anxious to see whether she can sing as well as she can talk.

Yvonne de Treville, one of the best known of operatic sopranos, will come to the Auditorium under the Behymer management, May 28. One week later Henry Balfour, singing under the name of Henri La Bonti, is announced in recital at the same house. Mr. Balfour has developed into a tenor of unusual ability and has been singing in enviable engagements in the East. Mrs. Balfour has been singing in England. Her parents live at Huntington Park.

Ignaz Haroldi has gone on a long tour of concerts, covering a territory east to the Missouri and north into Canada. It is said he will play sixty recital programs in three months.

Last Monday night "The Creation" was given at the First Congregational Church with Mrs. Stivers, Roland Paul and Harry Williams as soloists, and directed by C. H. Jones.

Bertha Amet, soprano, gave a program of German, Scotch and English songs at Santa Monica Friday, assisted by Margaret and Walsh Masmith.

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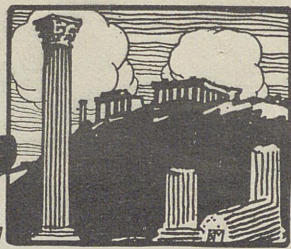
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Art



By Everett C. Maxwell

Charles Rollo Peters—Steckel Gallery.
Southwestern Painters—Blanchard Gallery.

California Art Club—Friday Morning Club.
John Donovan—Daniell Gallery.

EXHIBITIONS NEXT WEEK

An exhibition of twenty landscapes from the poetic brush of Charles Rollo Peters is placed on view at the Steckel Gallery for one week only. Mr. Peters' work is too well and favorably known by American art lovers, especially Californians, to need a lengthy introduction at this time. Many of his canvases are moonlight and starlight scenes for which Mr. Peters is internationally famous. The cultured painter is in the city with the collection and at the week end will go to Mission San Juan Capistrano to sketch. Mr. Peters was born in California in 1862, studied at San Francisco Art School under Virgil Williams, later under Jules Tavernier. He went to Paris in 1886 and studied at the Beaux Arts under Gerome and later at the Julian Academy under Boulanger and Lefevre. He returned to Monterey in 1895 and has since devoted himself to the study of night effects. All who care for good art should see Mr. Peters' work.

With a reception to representatives of the local press from two to four in the afternoon, the Thirteenth Annual Exhibition of Work by Southwestern Painters opened at Blanchard Gallery, Wednesday, May 1. Friday evening about five hundred invited guests were tendered a private view of the paintings. On this occasion Mr. Blanchard was assisted in receiving the artists and their friends by the following patronesses of art: Mrs. Randall Hutchinson, Miss Victoria Witmer, Mrs. Hector Alliot, Miss Laura Grover Smith, Mrs. Morris Albee, Mrs. Cornelius Cole, Mrs. Berthold Baruch, and Mrs. Wm. Swift Daniell. The exhibition as a whole is one of the best it has been my privilege to review since coming to Los Angeles. Fifty-nine oils and thirteen watercolors are shown and with but few exceptions the work is of a high order and proves beyond a doubt that Southern California art efforts are progressing along right paths to fame. When one stops to consider that no jury was employed in selecting the collection the high standard maintained throughout is indeed remarkable. Of course, there are a few pictures shown that are frankly bad, and several canvases that have done duty ever since the first annual art exhibit was held in 1897 greet us from the walls, but among so large a number of new and interesting paintings these do not obtrude. While the large majority of the works hung at this time are new to the general public, few if any have escaped the reviewer's eye and at least one-third of the number catalogued have been previously reviewed in these columns.

Because of the limited space for art matters and the surfeit of exhibits to be handled at this time, only canvases never before shown will be noted at this writing. C. Harry Allis, of Long Beach, sends two of his best canvases, "In the Forest of Fontainebleau" and "Beech Woods." The former is one of Mr. Allis' most fascinating studies. It is a wood interior of rare charm possessing both depth and mass and entirely free from the "drop curtain" type of wood interior with which we are so familiar in art exhibitions. The color is skilfully managed and the ex-

pression of warm sunlight on the foliage is worked with ease and understanding. Mr. Allis' second canvas, also a wood interior, is a difficult subject well treated. The screen of yellow-green foliage appears to be painted on one plane, but perfect aerial perspective is maintained throughout, which proves the artist a rare technician. "The Dispatch Bearer," by Will E. Chapin, while purely pictorial, possesses much real art merit and would add interest to any gallery showing. It depicts a pony express rider pursued by Indians. It is well drawn, pure in color, and full of vital actions. Frank Coburn is represented by two sunny little landscapes and a nude study. Lillian Drain shows a large nude that is new to local art lovers. The chief merit of this canvas lies in its beautifully painted accessories. Miss Drain's smaller study, while not new, is always interesting. Eugene Frank painted "Close of Day" especially for this exhibition. It is a large study full of sound technique and notable for its rich luminous color. The trees in the middle distance are particularly well painted. "The Cloud," by Jos. Greenbaum depicts a desert phenomenon which is no doubt mystifying to the uninitiated. It is rendered in a remarkably high key of color, which is managed in a satisfactory manner. Two tiny sketches by this painter, "Catalina" and "The Desert," are strong and colorful. Helma Heynsen Jahn never fails to interest us with her virile portrait studies. The one of Mr. Geo. H. Bixby, shown at this time, is remarkable for its speaking resemblance, the life-like light in the eyes, and the strength with which the head and face are modeled. The work of Mrs. H. T. Jenkins, head of the art department of Pomona College, is new to Los Angeles. "The Wash in May" is an oil which possesses all the delicate qualities of a pastel and is pleasing and satisfactory. It is not a work of strength, but it is well composed and abounds in refined color. If the green in the middle distance were relieved with more variety of tone the canvas would gain strength. "Lake Como" is very pleasing and reveals Mrs. Jenkins at her best.

Nell Prooker Mayhew, perhaps the most talked of artist on the Pacific Coast and the least understood in our local colony, sends three sketches of great art interest. Each subject is treated with understanding and expresses just what this clever artist had in mind when she took up her brush. Each is an idea, an impression, full of out-of-door feeling, true in character and glorious in color. If one studies Mrs. Mayhew's work intelligently he cannot but be impressed with the knowledge back of the pigment. James E. McBurney's "Blossoms and Snow" lacks interest; "Evening Glow" is notable for its radiating glow and pure color contrasts. Antonia Melvill shows a rare appreciation for the works of the old masters in her well-drawn figure study called "Charity." It is a picture of sweet and simple meaning full of complements of color and possessing many points of art interest. "The Portal of Night" is Ralph Miller's newest work. It is rich and full in color, vigorous in treatment, and overawing in stupendousness. Ralph Fullerton Mocine shows "The Boat," "Doorway, Toledo" and "Moonrise." "The Boat" is fine in color and the Spanish sketch is decorative in composition. "El Aroyeto" by J. C. Okey, is a pleas-

ing color harmony. It is unusual in composition and the trees and sky are well painted. Raffaello Montalboddi, a newcomer from Italy, has completely won the local field by his portrait sketch, "Countess Vivari," which is shown at this time. It is proving the general favorite of the collection. While scarcely more than a sketch it reveals the artist's feeling for the refinement of color, and the ability to suggest in a few deft brush strokes the character of a high bred woman. "Cock" by the same artist is an impression made from pallet cleanings and as a study piece is much more than "a clever trick."

Granville Redmond, at all times a local favorite, is well represented by one large and two small landscapes which are in all ways satisfactory. "Where Smiles the Cup of Gold" is a poppy field by the sea and is painted with utmost skill and dexterity. Chas. Rogers shows a Chinatown study which won a gold medal at the Seattle Fair and in addition to this he sends a well painted study of "Old Mill, Pasadena." "Surf at Twilight" by Ernest Browning Smith, lacks variety of color, and "Peaches and Grapes" by O. G. Ventress, are more natural than artistic. Margaret Taylor is represented by a striking portrait of Mrs. Kenneth Preuss, and Jessie Washburn sends a figure study called "The Finishing Touch" and also a well painted composition, "Pont de Chavel," taken in Bruges. Another newcomer who is not disappointing is Karl Yens. His canvas, "Under the Western Sky," is virile and refreshing in its feeling for the bigness and wholesomeness of nature. The color is rich and while a trifle heavy in tone is in every way true.

In the watercolor group Helen E. Coan heads the list with our old favorite, "Rainy Twilight, Chinatown." Susie May Berry Dando shows a panel of violets and W. R. Eaton a tonal study, "Early Evening, Topanga," and a pastel called "Jonathan Apples." Conway Griffith sends a watercolor of much real merit called "Cloudy Summer Morning" and Mary C. Haddock's three sketches are pure in color and good in value. Leta Horlocker's three charming flower studies and Verna Wilber Simmons' "Portrait of My Mother," complete the watercolor group.

Other works on view which have received favorable mention in The Graphic are "Dawn," "In the Pasture" and "Cattle Pasture" by Elizabeth Borglum; "Poppy Field" and "Santa Anita Canyon" by Benj. C. Brown; "San Pedro Inner Harbor," "Mission San Juan Capistrano" by Helen Coan; "Eucalyptus Trees" and "Reflections" by Esther Crawford; "Nude," Lillian Drain; "Pont Notre Dame," Fannie Duval; "When the Frost Is on the Pumpkin" and "Pacific in Repose," Martin J. Jackson; "After the Storm," James E. McBurney; "Where All the Prospect Pleases" and "Here the Tall Sycamores Guard the Brook," Fred. Miner; "Moonlight," Ralph Mocine; "Nude," Detlef Sammann; "Starlight," Ernest B. Smith; "The Pergola," "Group of Eucalypti," Max Wiczorek. This varied collection may be seen every day for the next fortnight from 10 to 5.

Taking the exhibition as a whole the seventy-one landscapes and figure studies in oil and watercolors which the California Art Club is showing at the Friday Morning Club House is perhaps the best and most representative group of work the club has put before the public since its organization. The present exhibition is the third in number that this progressive art club has given us the privilege of seeing since last autumn. The first collection was hung early in the fall in Blanchard Gallery and later was sent to San Francisco and Sacramen-

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to, where it received much favorable comment from critics and art lovers. In March the club held a sketch show in Blanchard Gallery, which was of great interest to artists and students. The present showing under the auspices of the art committee of the Friday Morning Club opened the evening of May 2 with a largely attended reception and will continue for the remainder of the month. As a whole this collection is one of strength and interest and only a few bad canvases were allowed to slip in when the jury was at luncheon. Of course, many of the pictures have been seen in past exhibitions of the club or in individual showings by members, but many new and praiseworthy studies are exhibited and owing to limited space my review will deal only with these.

Chas. P. Austin's only new canvas is called "Pueblo Cathedral," and is one of the largest studies and also one of the best that Mr. Austin has shown this season. It is well composed, excellent in treatment and full of fine feeling. The color is true and brilliant in effect despite its restrained handling. Franz A. Bischoff sends three new canvases, all of interest. "Japanese Fishing Boats," while a trifle hard in line and slaty in color, is broadly treated and effective in composition. "Chrysanthemums," a study of a young girl seated amid a mass of blooming plants, lacks out-of-door feeling and the interest which should go to the figure is given to the flowers. "The Rosebushes," a decorative composition of pink roses, is one of the most poetic flower studies it has been my privilege to see in a long time. I am a trifle disappointed in the three canvases by Maurice Braun, of San Diego. The paint appears dry and chalky and the composition, while decorative, lacks decision of line and I find the interest a bit scattered.

Benj. C. Brown never fails to hold our attention. "Eton's Canyon" is a facile handling and "The Rainy season" is a big subject treated in a big way. A. Clinton Conner shows three small arroyo studies of merit and Val Costello sends a small study called "Spring Sunshine," which is excellent in character. Arthur B. Dodge sends "Barnyard" and "Spring in Arroyo." The former is purely pictorial and the latter is remarkably well felt and rendered with much sincerity. Helena Dunlap shows "Cafe, Venice," "A Field After Rain" and "Old House, Munich." All are of interest and while a trifle crude in color, possess many points of merit. "Near La Crescenta," a new landscape study by Eugene C. Frank represents this sincere painter at his best. The foreground and middle distance are notable for fine brush work and the sky is painted in a masterly manner. C. A. Fries, of San Diego, is represented by three well painted canvases and Helma Heynsen Jahn shows a strongly characteristic portrait study of Mrs. Bixby. Just why "The Bull-Fighter's Story" by Wm. Lees Judson found a place in this exhibition is nothing short of a seven days' wonder. It is weak in color, poorly drawn, and far from satisfactory in composition. Aaron E. Kilpatrick shows two well-considered landscapes and Frederick R. Miner sends a marine called "Harbor Lights" that shows great improvement over former efforts. "A Sequestered Nook" by the same artist is good in color.

Chas. H. Owens is represented by

(Continued on Page Fourteen)

Social & Personal

Scores of prominent Los Angelenos are traveling through the East, around the world, and through Europe, and the list grows larger each week. Mr. Allen Hancock is in Berlin at present; Mr. and Mrs. Joseph Sartori and their daughter, Miss Juliette Boileau, and Mr. and Mrs. Henry W. O'Melveny are in New York, preparatory to sailing for Liverpool. Mrs. W. P. O'Meara and her son Carroll of Kingsley Drive are in New York; Mrs. Sidney Lee Grover and Mr. and Mrs. W. A. Morehouse are motoring through the North, and will go to Boston; Mr. and Mrs. Roland Paul leave the latter part of the month for Canada, after which they will sail for a year on the continent; Dr. and Mrs. W. L. Wade of West Adams street are in Boston, en route to Europe; Mr. and Mrs. Robert Sweetney will soon leave for a summer at Lake Tahoe; early in June Mr. and Mrs. Otto Arnold will go to the Yosemite, and if Mr. Arnold's health permits will later sail for Honolulu, thence for Japan, and later for a trip around the world; Mr. and Mrs. Dan Murphy of West Adams street and their little daughter will enjoy a motor trip through Europe; Mr. and Mrs. John Raymond Powers will pass the summer on the Mediterranean; Mr. and Mrs. Arthur Letts, Mr. Arthur Letts, Jr., and Mr. and Mrs. Malcolm McNaghten leave May 22 for a summer abroad; Mr. and Mrs. Russell Macdonald Taylor have also planned an European trip; the Avery McCarthys leave next week for a journey through the East; and many other society folk have planned little jaunts and journeys for the summer months—the majority intending to return to this city for the fall gayeties.

Mr. and Mrs. E. Avery McCarthy will leave the coming week for Washington, D. C., where Mr. McCarthy's daughter, Miss Aileen, graduates May 22 from Mrs. Somers' school, Mt. Vernon Seminary. After visiting in Washington, Newport and other eastern cities they will journey back by easy stages, possibly over the Canadian Pacific via Banff, and will pass the remainder of the summer at their Redondo home. Mr. and Mrs. McCarthy had engaged passage to Europe for June 1, on the ill-fated Titanic, but the great disaster changed their plans. They have joined the "See America First Club," of which all good Americans should be active members.

Mrs. Samuel Brown Thomas (nee Miss Grace Mellus) and her mother, Mrs. J. J. Mellus of South Figueroa street, have returned after a two months eastern trip to Newport, New York and Washington. Mrs. Thomas will return to Washington next week, leaving Wednesday, for a visit to Major and Mrs. Meyers, and to stop with Mrs. Thomas in Newport.

This afternoon one of the most elaborate affairs of the season is to be given by Madame P. T. Swaine, Mrs. Edgar Lacey Swaine, Mrs. Charles Seymour Swaine and Mrs. Cornelius Van Alen Fidell. Nearly five hundred invitations have been issued for the affair, which is to be given at the Ebell Clubhouse from four to six. The reception rooms will carry a suggestion of Chinese decorations in their appointments. A handsome embroidered Chinese cloth will deck the tea table, which will have a centerpiece of American Beauty roses arranged in a quaint Chinese vase. The fireplace and mantels will be banked in bamboo, which will be charmingly utilized in other places. In the court, where a bevy of young girls will serve punch, the Hawaiian singers, in native costume, will render a program. Madame Swaine is to wear black silk

poplin, garnished with point lace; Mrs. Sidell will be gowned in silvery grey and black lace, and will wear orchids. Mrs. Edgar Lacey Swaine will wear white crepe de chine draped with mes-saline in a pale shade of American Beauty, and Mrs. Charles Swaine will be attired in crepe de chine of toned American Beauty shades. Included in the receiving line will be Mrs. Adna R. Chaffee, Mrs. Charles Viele, Mrs. Willis Booth, Mrs. Josiah Evans Cowles, Mrs. E. D. Babcock, Mrs. J. T. Griffith and Mrs. J. B. Chaffey. Young girls who will assist in serving punch are Miss Olive Waring, Miss Gertrude King, Miss Louise Nixon Hill, Miss Lillian Carlton, Miss Alice Hay, Miss Margaret Wing and the Misses Vallely. Madame Swaine, who is the widow of the late General P. T. Swaine, has asked a number of the army men to be present, and the husbands of the assistants have also accepted invitations.

Mr. and Mrs. L. J. C. Spruance have sold their Wilshire boulevard home and have taken a house at 38 St. James Park, where Mrs. Spruance will be at home the third Wednesdays.

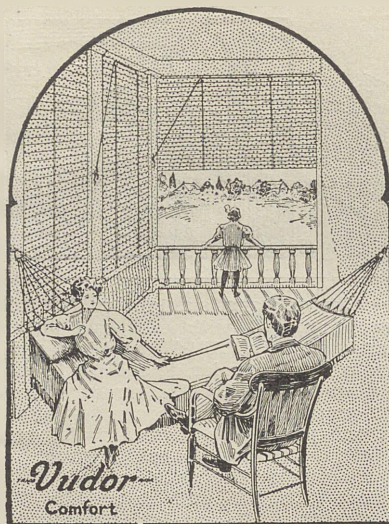
Miss Elizabeth Rose Richards, daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Charles Richards, of 500 West Adams street, has chosen June 4 as the date of her marriage to Dr. Warren Nichols. It will be a simple home ceremony, the only attendants being her sister, Miss Frances Richards, and Dr. Horton's brother, Mr. Jesse Horton.

Mrs. C. F. W. Richard Bruns, of Wilshire boulevard, gave a bridge luncheon Tuesday afternoon, entertaining about fifty guests. Luncheon was served at one large table and several smaller ones. Vases of Cecil Brunner roses formed the centerpieces, and sprays of the same blossoms were used in decorating the rooms. Assisting with the hostess was her sister, Mrs. E. S. Lieberg, Mrs. Frank Gordon, Mrs. Harry Hurlburt, Mrs. C. S. Combs and the Misses Dent. Former Senator and Mrs. John P. Jones, of "Miramar," Santa Monica, entertained a large number of guests Tuesday evening when the active members of the society dramatic club, which was recently organized, were regaled with three one-act plays given by talented members of the association. Appearing in the sketches were Mrs. Grace Porter, secretary of the organization, Mrs. Raymond Stephens, Mrs. Michael J. Connell, Mrs. Guy Cochran, Mr. Norwood Howard, Mr. Clinton Judy and Mr. Henry Daly.

Dr. and Mrs. Robert J. Burdette of Pasadena leave this morning for Berkeley, where they will be the guests of Mrs. Burdette's brother, Mr. E. G. Bradley. They will go on to Salt Lake City to visit Mr. Robert J. Burdette, Jr., thence to the East. June 15 they sail for England in company with Dr. and Mrs. Webster Merrifield and Miss Merrifield. A motor trip through England and a month's stay at Bad Nauheim are planned. Tuesday evening Mrs. Burdette gave her closing salon of the season at "Sunnycrest," their beautiful home in Pasadena.

Mrs. H. C. Dillon, of Benton boulevard, has as house guest, her daughter, Miss Florence Ada Dillon, who has just returned from Europe, where she has been singing and studying for a number of years.

Mr. and Mrs. B. O. Kendall, of Pasadena, and their sons, Mr. Jack Kendall and Master "Billy" Kendall, will leave June 18 for New York, where they will remain for a short stay. Mr. and Mrs. Kendall and Mr. Jack Kendall will later sail for Europe. They intend purchasing a new motor car in New



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Never get on or off a moving car.

Never underestimate the speed of an approaching vehicle—better wait a minute than spend weeks in the hospital.

Never cross behind a car without assuring yourself that there is not another coming in the opposite direction.

Never stand on the steps.

Never let your children play in the streets.

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NOTICE is hereby given that Dorothy Roche, whose post-office address is 1017 W. Temple St., Los Angeles, Cal., did, on the 12th day of January, 1912, file in this office Sworn Statement and Application No. 014591, to purchase the S $\frac{1}{2}$ SE $\frac{1}{4}$ Sec. 15; S $\frac{1}{2}$ SW $\frac{1}{4}$ Sec. 14; NE $\frac{1}{4}$ NW $\frac{1}{4}$, Section 23, Township 1 South, Range 18 West, S. B. Meridian, and the timber thereon, under the provisions of the act of June 3, 1878, and acts amendatory, known as the "Timber and Stone Law," at such value as might be fixed by appraisal, and that, pursuant to such application, the land and stone thereon have been appraised, at \$400.00, the stone estimated at \$320.00 and the land \$80.00; that said applicant will offer final proof in support of his application and sworn statement on the 29th day of May, 1912, before the Register and Receiver, U. S. Land Office, at Los Angeles, Cal.

Any person is at liberty to protest this purchase before entry, or initiate a contest at any time before patent issues, by filing a corroborated affidavit in this office, alleging facts which would defeat the entry.

FRANK BUREN, Register.

York and will take their chauffeur with them to pilot them through England, Ireland, Scotland and other points of interest.

Mr. and Mrs. Thomas P. Newton are visiting in San Francisco, after which they plan to journey farther North, stopping at Monterey and Lake Tahoe.

After a visit of several months in New York, Mrs. Joaquin Abascal, of Commonwealth avenue, has returned to this city, accompanied by her daughter, Mrs. T. A. MacKenzie, and her small grandson.

Mr. and Mrs. George I. Cochran are in New York, and will sail from that port June 1 for a summer in Europe.

In honor of Mrs. Trowbridge Eggleston, of Denver, and of Mr. and Mrs. Walter Sebree, of Laurel street, who are soon to leave for the East, Mrs. Clarendon Foster entertained Monday evening with a dinner at her South Pasadena home. Pink roses were used for a centerpiece, and the candelabra were shaded with pink. After dinner bridge was played. Guests were Mr. and Mrs. Ernest Venable Sutton, Mr. and Mrs. Carl E. McStay, Mr. and Mrs. Arthur Fayette Levitt, Mr. and Mrs. Edward Fisher Hobart, Mr. and Mrs. David A. Vail, and the Misses Mae and Dorothy Foster.

Mrs. Arthur Braly and Mrs. Jack Jevne have issued more than one hundred and fifty invitations for a luncheon to be given Wednesday afternoon at the California Club.

Mrs. Wayland Trask of 1829 St. Andrews Place gave a large reception Wednesday afternoon, introducing her attractive daughter, Miss Olive Trask. Miss Trask is a granddaughter of the late Mr. Francis Murphy, and daughter of the late Mr. Wayland Trask, who was prominent in New York financial circles. She is a graduate of the local high school, and also attended school at Berkeley. The Trask home was converted into a rose-bower for the occasion. In the living-room, little golden baskets were suspended from

the ceiling, and brimmed over with Cecil Brunners. Graceful bands of pink tulle added to the effect in this room, which was filled with flowers sent to the debutante. The reception room was glowing with fragrant Killarneys, and in the dining-room Richmond roses were used. Miss Trask wore a simple, girlish frock of white lingerie, and her mother was attired in pale blue messaline, embellished with shadow lace and beaded trimmings. Receiving with Mrs. Trask and her daughter were Mrs. E. P. Johnson, Mrs. Ben Johnson, Mrs. Arthur Letts, Mrs. E. T. Earl, Mrs. J. H. Davisson, Mrs. Baker P. Lee, Mrs. Arthur Letts, Mrs. Malcolm McNaghten, Mrs. D. K. Dickens, Mrs. John Newton Russell, Mrs. William Murphy, Mrs. Francis Josephine Holmes, Mrs. Jay Boothe, Mrs. Grover Garland, Mrs. J. Crampton Anderson, Mrs. J. E. Betzold, Mrs. Malcolm Lawrence, Mrs. W. W. Dodge, Mrs. Franklin Booth, Mrs. Samuel Faroat, Mrs. J. J. Still, Mrs. Alexander Davidson, Mrs. W. H. Davies, Mrs. Harry Chandler, Mrs. Pauline Robinson, Mrs. Henry Clay King, and the Misses Florence Brown, Helen Holmes, Olive Erdt, Clara Leonardt, Clarisse Stevens, Dorothy Trask, George Johnson, and Edith Holder.

Young friends of Miss Mabel Wing happily assisted her in celebrating her sixteenth birthday at the family residence, 1543 Council street, a few evenings ago. A May-day party was given, with the twining of a May pole, musical program and other festivities. The girl participants wore dainty costumes trimmed with natural flowers. The hostess, who is the daughter of Mr. and Mrs. W. E. Wing, is a high school student, and is studying to become an illustrator.

Mr. and Mrs. Rex Giffen Hardy—the latter formerly Miss Dorothy Simpson—are settled at the Shatto Apartments, having recently returned from their wedding trip.

Mrs. William F. Herndon and her daughter, Miss Pearl Herndon of Hollywood, have left for Rochester, N. Y., where they will pass a short time. After the wedding of Miss Herndon's cousin, Miss Elma Thornton, Mrs. Herndon and her daughter will journey through the East before returning home.

Among affairs planned for next week is the dinner dance to be given May 18 by Mrs. Sidney Britt at the Annandale Country Club.

Mrs. M. P. Snyder of Orchard avenue will give a bridge luncheon at the Los Angeles Country Club Thursday afternoon.

Mrs. Dario Orena of 1528 West Adams street, and her daughter, Miss Hermena Orena, are visiting in San Francisco, where their friends are entertaining for them in lavish fashion.

Mrs. Leila Burton Wells of this city is in San Francisco, where she is the guest of her sister and brother-in-law, Captain and Mrs. Thomas Pearce of California street.

Mrs. Alfred Sutro of San Francisco is the guest of Mrs. Randolph Huntington Miner in West Adams street. She will return to her northern home the coming week.

Mrs. Ralph Byron of 920 South Alvarado street was hostess at a bridge luncheon Monday afternoon in honor of Miss Gladys Reynolds, who is to marry Mr. Walter Butler May 16. Yellow poppies formed the centerpiece, and places were marked with hand-painted poppy cards.

At the William H. Workman residence on Boyle avenue, an old English May fete will be given next Saturday afternoon, for the benefit of the Brownson House. A long list of entertaining features has been planned and will be participated in by the younger set. The Workman gardens will be transformed into a secluded park, with quaint booths, fortune-telling tents, May-poles, etc., and a special feature

will be the May dances and folk dances.

Mrs. Modini Wood, Miss Elizabeth Wood, Miss Florence Wood, Miss Mona Wood, Mrs. W. H. Perry, Miss Edith Kirkpatrick, Mr. and Mrs. A. E. Kerckhoff and Mr. and Mrs. Thompson, who left this city September 18 for a tour of the world, are expected to arrive in New York tomorrow.

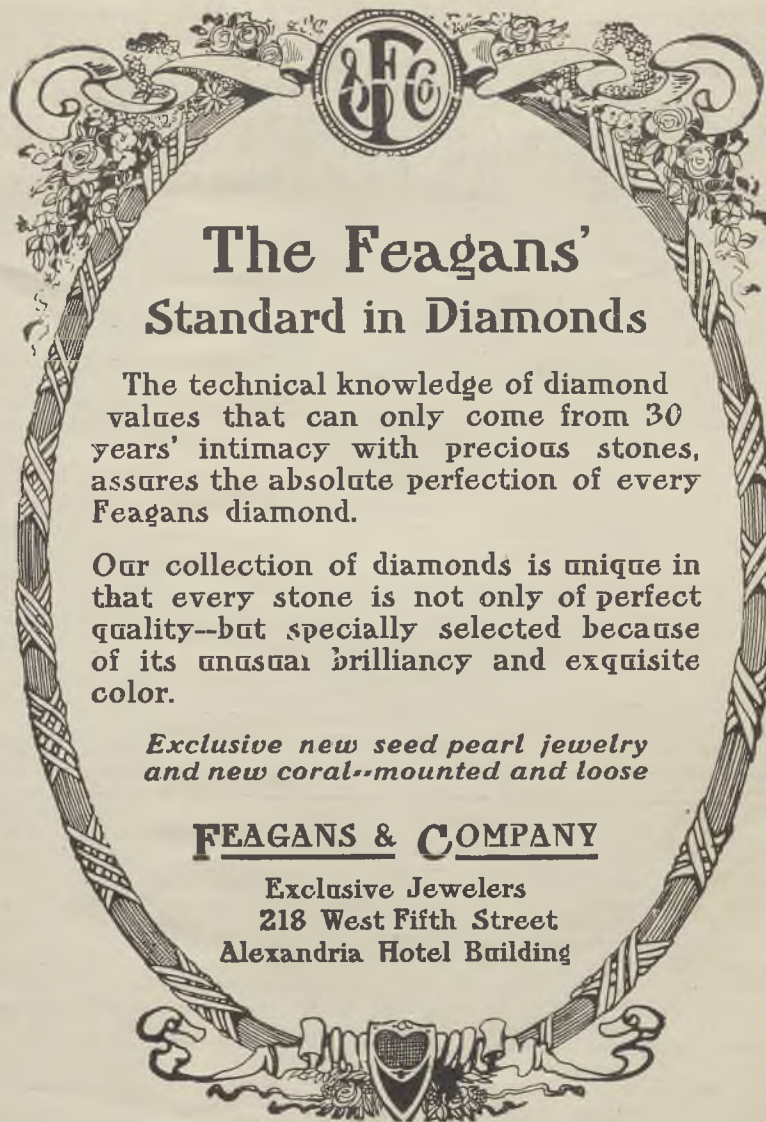
Mr. and Mrs. Ernest K. Foster are in New York, where they will stop for a short time before going on to Canada. They sail the latter part of the month for London, where they will remain through June.

Miss Helene McVay, the charming daughter of Mr. and Mrs. W. E. McVay of West Twenty-ninth street, has chosen July 16 as the date of her marriage to Mr. Harold Paulin of Imperial. Miss Laura McVay, her sister, will be maid of honor, and her bridesmaids will be Miss Silence McVay, Miss Ruth Dennen, Miss Olive Paulin, Miss Charlotte Cowles of Ansonia, Conn., and Miss Virginia Newhall of San Francisco. Mr. George Paulin will attend his brother as best man, and the groomsmen will be Mr. Harry Trotter, Mr. Benjamin Thompson, Mr. Samuel Dick, Mr. George Wilson, Mr. Nelson Douglas, and Mr. Jack Beman. The ceremony will take place at the Immanuel Presbyterian church.

At the Hotel Alexandria Wednesday afternoon a large reception was held in honor of Mrs. J. F. Treat, wife of the former Imperial Potentate and the wives of the Shrine Imperial Council officers. In the reception room great clusters of American beauty roses were used; and the tea room was decked with delicately-shaded blossoms. Mrs. Robert Wankowski was hostess, her chief assistant being Mrs. Fred Hines, and others in the receiving line were Mrs. Adna R. Chaffee, Mrs. Walter Jarvis Barlow, Mrs. E. P. Clark, Mrs. Sterling S. Boothe, Mrs. Willis H. Booth, Mrs. Motley Flint, Mrs. William May Garland, Mrs. E. T. Earl, Mrs. Randolph Huntington Miner, Mrs. Stephen C. Hubbell, Mrs. Jaroslav von Schmidt, Mrs. W. T. Jeffries, Mrs. Robert Marsh, Mrs. H. G. Krohn, Mrs. L. J. Selby, Mrs. Loren D. Sale, Mrs. Oscar C. Mueller, Mrs. George H. Stewart, Mrs. Dwight Holt, Mrs. W. I. Hollingsworth, Mrs. Leo Youngworth, Mrs. Perry Weidner, Mrs. Harry G. Holabird, Mrs. Erasmus Wilson and the Misses Poehler.

Mrs. L. G. Somers and Mrs. John J. Gibson entertained Wednesday afternoon with a large card party at the Somers home on Cahuenga avenue in Hollywood. Roses and ferns were used in the decorations. In the reception room bouquets of pink roses were utilized, in the living room were clusters of dark red roses, and the dining room was fragrant with yellow buds. Assisting the hostesses were Mrs. A. R. Baker of Cleveland, Ohio; Mrs. E. O. Palmer, Mrs. Charles Toberman, Mrs. T. A. Thompson and Mrs. McDonald.

Miss Gladys Reynolds, daughter of Mr. and Mrs. E. W. Reynolds, has decided upon May 16 as the date of her wedding to Mr. Walter Butler. It will be a moonlight wedding, and will take place in the garden of the Reynolds home on New Hampshire street. She has chosen her sister, Mrs. A. B. Ebner, as matron of honor. Dr. Oliver Butler will assist his brother as best man. Miss Reynolds has been the complimented guest at several affairs this week. Monday afternoon Mrs. Ralph Byron entertained for her, with a bridge luncheon. Tuesday afternoon Miss Maude Wood gave a bridge whist in her honor, at the hostess' home in Gramercy place. A color scheme of white and yellow was carried out in spring blossoms, and guests were Mrs. George Ellis, Mrs. Paul Fletcher, Mrs. Earl Chapman, Mrs. Donald G. Keeler, Mrs. E. C. Bower, Mrs. Brown Smith, Mrs. Francis Kanne, Mrs. Walter Moore, Mrs. Charles Hopper, Mrs. Leo MacGowen, Mrs. Stanley Setnan, and the Misses Bertha Lull, Lily Olshaus-



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en, Claire Smith, Maude Adams, Louise Hauser, Ethel Davenport, Marie Schumann, Harriet Ewing, Mamie Cliff, Florence Bartlett, Grace Baker, Mildred Powers, Helen Updegraff, Elizabeth Richards, Mary Vail, Ethel Canfield, Sara Hanawalt, Gertrude Connell and Ethel Ball. Wednesday afternoon Mrs. Charles B. Hooper of Beverly entertained for Miss Reynolds. Miss Marjorie Burbank, who will be married May 14 to Mr. Arthur William Green, was guest of honor at a card party given Monday night by Miss Inez Mathewson and Miss Ethel Getz at the home of the latter on La Salle avenue. Five hundred was played at tables decked with pink and green. Guests were Miss Hazel Hopkins, Miss Agnes Whitaker, Miss Rebecca Macmillan, Miss Janet Wherry, Miss Aileen Fitzgerald, Miss Alice Fitzgerald, Miss Alice Fleming, Miss Carrie Post, Miss Vincencia Hill, Miss Margaret Bush-

nell, and the Messrs. Jerdyn Stone, William Stone, Horace Kindel, Samuel Kreider, Spencer Millard, Bernard Richards, Stuart Norfleet, Carlton Haskins, Hill, Stanley and Harbison. Tuesday Miss Alice Fleming, daughter of Dr. and Mrs. E. W. Fleming of South Hoover street, gave a card party for Miss Burbank, and Wednesday afternoon the bride-elect's sister, Mrs. H. C. Burbank of El Monte, honored her with a theater party followed by tea at the Alexandria.

Mrs. A. L. Cheney of Berkeley Square is giving an informal bridge luncheon this afternoon.

Dr. and Mrs. Charles G. Stivers of Arapahoe street gave a bridge party Wednesday evening for Dr. Stivers' mother, Mrs. E. J. Stivers, who is here from New York.

Cheaters

By Caroline Reynolds

Since the theatrical powers ordained that we should have a woman in the essentially masculine role of "Chantecler" in Edmond Rostand's poetic play of that name, thanks be that Maude Adams was given the role. There is no other woman on the stage today—save Sarah Bernhardt—who could thrill the lyric beauty of Rostand's passages until the audiences respond like harp strings. Yet Maude Adams is intensely feminine—womanly. It is inevitable that the love whisperings between Chantecler and the Pheasant should lose their significance when interpreted by two women; but in the apostrophe to the sun, in the proud cry, "My destiny is surer than the day," and in a hundred other places the Adams histrionism and subtly-chorded voice achieves a dramatic tri-

hunter who drives her into Chantecler's barnyard. Chantecler loves her, not alone for the brilliance of her plumage but because "here is a hen one may talk to."

To the Pheasant he imparts his great secret: that he sings every morning, else the sun would not rise; the east would lie in the veil of night. His song beckons the dawn across the hills; if his voice be untrue or harsh, then the day is clouded; but if he sings well the sunlight is warm and mellow. The creatures of the night plot against Chantecler, and, finally, his own people turn against him—as they have done against their leaders since time began. Yet even in the midst of their plotting they turn to him for protection against the Hawk; only to cry against him after the danger has passed. But Chantecler



BLANCHE WALSH, IN "THE THUNDER GODS," AT THE ORPHEUM

umph. Rostand has chosen the barnyard for his drama—perhaps as a symbol how small our little world is compared to the great universe—as small as the barnyard compared to the world. But in the barnyard life goes its way just as it runs through the world—the little jealousies, the gossiping, the plotters, jealous of the leader and anxious to overthrow him. There is the Blackbird, the carking cynic, who really never thinks for himself, but is the echo of another's putrid philosophy, instinctively hating what he knows is honest and true. There is Patou, the dog; a mongrel, but devoted and protecting. And there is the Golden Pheasant, who has emancipated herself from her race and lives independently—until she is pursued by a

triumphs—physically. His body is bruised and for a while he fears his song is gone, but the spirit triumphs and he sings again to bring the dawn. The Pheasant takes him to her forest, away from his little world. Here he hears the Nightingale—finds that there is another song in the world—a more beautiful melody than he can create. Then the Pheasant, jealous of his devotion to the dawn; raging against the bitter lesson that woman must learn that she is second to a man's work; lures him beneath her wing, until the dawn breaks; proving that it can come without him. But with his ideals, his beliefs, his faith crumbling about him, Chantecler is courageous. The Nightingale has been shot by a hunter, but another sings in the forest. Chante-

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cler's faith in his bringing of the sun has been shattered, but he knows the world still needs him; that his barnyard must have its leader; that he must sing to drive the sleep from drowsy eyelids. And he goes gladly back to his humble work; to do what little he can in the best way.

It is not of egotism that M. Rostand writes—for Chantecler is the protector of the weak; the guardian of the little things. Rather does he show that confidence in self is a wonderful thing, else Chantecler had not become a noble creature feeling that because of his great destiny he must live without reproach. Through the symbol of the Nightingale Rostand shows Chantecler that in another world there are greater and more beautiful songs; that it does not behoove one to boast that his is the greatest; that it is best to keep one's belief in one's divine destiny locked in one's own heart; for the world cannot understand ideals and dreams, but will laugh at him and seek to crumble their foundation. "Chantecler" is a symbol of life; and from it one may gain a hundred inspirations; may interpret it a hundred different ways.

Maude Adams begins the play with a poetic prologue; spoken with that winning sweetness, that enveloping charm that is so subtle a part of her; and surrounds the listener at once with the atmosphere of the play. Then comes the barnyard, with its quaint array of monstrous garden tools; its marvelously high fence, its huge barn; its towering hay-cock under the eaves. Strutting in her cock's feathers, frail and slender, yet giving an impression of supremacy and domination, Maude Adams imparts to her Chantecler the power of intellect as well as the magnetism of her personality. Unfitted though the role is for feminine portrayal, in her able hands it achieves a distinction and a beauty that makes it very real. Josephine Victor plays the Hen Pheasant with a fresh sweetness, and the Patou of George Henry Trader is one of the best features of the play—providing most of the comedy. The company is extraordinarily large; the costuming is a work of art and the scenic and lighting effects are the production of wizards of stagecraft.

"Merely Mary Ann" at the Majestic

Time was when Marjorie Rambeau must have realized even the ideals of Zangwill himself in that pretty play, "Merely Mary Ann." But since viewing the production at the Majestic theater this week, one feels that Miss Rambeau is guilty of theft. She has robbed her admirers of a sweet memory, and has blotted the picture of the little English slavey which once was

her masterpiece. No longer is Mary Ann the innocent maiden of rustic simplicity, moving to tears and laughter in the same breath. Miss Rambeau has fallen into the yawning chasm of overacting. She forces points to the verge of burlesque; a fault made more painfully obvious by her occasional glimpses of the oldtime sweetness of her portrayal. One unforgivable blunder is made in the last act, where Mary Ann, transformed into a Parisian-gowned society woman, dons her slavey's cap and gloves. Instead of the little mob cap Miss Rambeau tops her curls with a fez. Doubtless she means well, but the effect is raw. As for most of her company—it were kindness to ignore it utterly. William Gibson is not playing this week, and the role of Lancelot is taken by Wilfred L. Roger, who hasn't the faintest conception of his part, whining his lines, talking through his nose, and fairly overloading his dialogue with Mary Ann with "dearlies," "childs," and other terms of endearment foreign to the script. Arthur Morse makes a far better impression as Peter than he did last week as a clergyman, and George Osbourne, while too slim to realize the role of Brahms physically, is histrionically excellent. Lloyd Bacon is acceptable as Lord Tottingham, and Adele Farrington as Mrs. Leadbatter livens the action to a considerable extent. Little commendation can be extended to the remainder of the company. Early in the week the piece was marred by windows that would not open, by pianos tinkling tunes before the performer reached the stool, by curtains unexpectedly descending in mid-act, and other unfortunate happenings—which unsympathetic atmosphere may have put a dampener on the desire to do good work.

Novelties at the Orpheum

For the last week of their engagement at the Orpheum McIntyre and Heath are dividing their time between that old favorite, "The Georgia Minstrels," and "The Man From Montana."

In the former skit they reach the zenith of their funmaking powers, and it is their mistake that they devote too much time to it. A long-drawn out turn is certain to dull the sharp edge of enjoyment. But the pathetic drooping mouth, the quavering voice and weebegone expression of the slender section of the team is an admission ticket for laughter. Wentworth, Vesta and Teddy's principal claim to a place on the bill is in the really remarkable work of Teddy, who is rightly billed as the "champion acrobatic dog." Were the Stewart Sisters and their escorts to eschew the singing all would be well. They are dancers of more than average merit, with several new twists to their offerings; and the poker game played with crackers and table "furniture" is a new side-light on an old subject. For novelty in playlets there is Seumas MacManus' Players in "The Lad From Largymore." The humor of it is quaint, even though its acting is not remarkable, and it gives an excellent suggestion of the superstition, the canniness and the keen wit of "ould Ireland." John Henshaw and Grace Avery have a com-pote of nonsense in "Strangers in a Strange Flat." Mr. Henshaw is the excuse for its existence, and while he has little 'new stuff' to offer, he has a way with him, and even caused an explosion of mirth from a clique of Shakespeare devotees Monday afternoon. Lucy Weston, an English comedienne with no trace of English accent or mannerism has a selection of songs which are just a little—well, just a little. But she has a number of pretty costumes and she sings acceptably; so that the audience heartily approves. David Schooler and Louise Dickinson, and the Three Selvey Boys are the only holdovers.

"Are You a Mason" at the Belasco

That old farcical favorite, "Are You a Mason," has been appropriately re-billed at the Belasco this week, and the company is giving it a brisk and well balanced production. The concoction is too well known to require comment. In the excellent performance by the Belasco organization it gains in laugh-making powers. It is a test to perform a farce on a parade night before an audience that dribbles in by degrees, but the players rose nobly to the occasion and wrenched a laugh even with ancient witticisms. Harry Mestayer has the role of Frank Perry, who pretends to join the Masons, as an excuse for his nocturnal absences, a part played in Mr. Mestayer's most serious manner, which, of course, adds greatly to the fun. Robert Ober as the ex-actor who dons feminine attire, is almost as funny as Charley's Aunt. Howard Hickman carries off the masculine honors by his rendition of Hamilton Travers, once a barnstormer but reduced to the rank of usher. Hickman's recitation of Carroll's "Jabberwock" is a scream. One feels that an injustice is being done Alice John in giving her the part of Eva Perry. In an indefinable way Miss John gives the impression that the cheap comedy which she must perforce offer is far beneath her; but she is charming to behold, nevertheless. Beatrix Nichols and Roberta Arnold as the giggly and osculatory sisters, and Carrie Clarke Warde as Norah assist materially in the merry-making. Minor roles are well done and the performance moves with a pleasing zest.

"Tillie's Nightmare" Fischer's Lyceum

"Tillie's Nightmare," the Edgar Smith-A. B. Sloane musical comedy in which Marie Dressler made her big success, never achieved distinction for its merits, but reached a place in the ranks only through the efforts of its star. And at Fischer's Lyceum it is brimming over with fun, simply because it is being given such an "all around" production by the company, with May Boley convulsing her audiences with her picture of Tillie Blobs. Even with the curtain delayed, until after the passing of parades, audiences

lose their impatience the moment May Boley makes her entrance in the unlabeled clothes, the flat, heavy shoes and disfiguring coiffure of Tillie. May Boley is a natural comedienne; she's funny because she can't help it. She dances as gracefully as if she weighed only a hundred instead of—we hesitate to hazard a guess! Her rendition of that gem of mock-ballads, "Heaven Will Protect the Working Girl," is a side-splitting affair which calls for endless encores; and her "Little Bit On," despite its cheap humor, invokes a fusillade of laughter. The sight of Miss Boley in chic attire is so surprising and so pleasing that the audience involuntarily renders it the tribute of a "hand." With Texas Guinan temporarily out of the cast, suffering with a severe cold. Jane Urban is called upon to shoulder many of the song numbers, with Reece Gardner as chief assistant, and these two juvenile performers do their best work since the opening of the company in half a dozen catchy song numbers. The big feature of the production is the Russian dance of Mlle. Vanity and Lon Chaney—an exhibit of skill and grace of which few



Laurette Taylor, at the Burbank

traveling companies could boast. Herbert Cawthorne makes the most of his brief appearance as Sim, and Bob Letts' "Famous Men" song makes a tremendous hit. The chorus disports itself with grace and gayety, and is well costumed. The scenic environment, however, is not up to the Fischer standard.

Offerings for Next Week

Margaret Anglin opens a week's engagement at the Majestic Sunday evening in A. E. W. Mason's comedy, "Green Stockings." Her appearance in the play will arouse unusual interest, since it is the first time in her career that she has played a leading comedy role. Her vehicle has had a long and successful run in New York, and comes here direct from the Lyceum theater in that city. Miss Anglin has the character of a bachelor maiden—or as she is called by her circle, a spinster. Tired of the efforts of her friends and relatives to marry her off, she creates a mythical lover, and declares herself engaged to him—even addressing a letter to him just to give credence to the announcement. Fate wills that there shall be a captain bearing the name she has invented, and that he shall receive the letter and search for the writer. Naturally, when he finds her, there are complications—with the inevitable solution that the girl's dream becomes a reality. Included in Miss Anglin's company are H. Reeves-Smith, Maude Granger, Wilford Drycott and a number of others.

Direct from the Maxine Elliott Theater, New York, where it enjoyed a prosperous run of four months, comes the comedy, "The Real Thing," which will be presented by Henrietta Crosman at the Mason Opera House the week beginning Monday, May 13. Surrounding Miss Crosman is the New

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York company and the same scenic environment used in the metropolitan engagement. The New York critics were unanimous in praising the play itself as well as the charming acting of Miss Crosman. The comedy deals with a new version of the old theme of marital discontent. The wife is too busy making mince pies and caring for the children to dress herself and make love to her husband. He naturally feels these slights, although they

are not intentionally given by the wife; and not finding love at home, in his acceptance of the word, turns to the other woman. Arrives a widow with "fixing" propensities, in the person of Miss Crosman. She divines the situation at a glance, and sets about to disentangle the snarled threads, only to have her own heart strings involved in the process. Getting out of this fresh tangle forms the culmination of the comedy. The engagement at the

Mason will include a regular Saturday matinee and a special popular price matinee Wednesday.

Laurette Taylor, Oliver Morosco's young and brilliant star, opens a special engagement at the Burbank Sunday afternoon in "Seven Sisters," a comedy in which she created the leading role and won unanimous approval in New York. She plays the part of a wilful, impetuous and lovable young girl, with a family of sisters, who is kept in the background because of her parents' desire to marry off their elder daughters. However, the demure little maiden's daring eyes capture the heart of a young officer, who manages to win her, after disposing of her elder sisters to eligible young men. Forrest Stanley will have the role of the gallant officer, a part created by Charles Cherry, and the seven sisters will be represented by a bevy of Burbank beauties. Miss Muriel Starr, who has been temporarily displaced by Miss Taylor's engagement, will return later as the leading woman of the company, which is good news to the patrons of this theater, who have already enshrined Miss Starr.

Owen Wister's novel, "The Virginian," was a best seller for many months, and its dramatization by Kirk La Shelle achieved as great a success when it was offered by Dustin Farnum. Beginning Monday night the Belasco company will offer this play, which will serve as a vehicle for Lewis S. Stone, one of the most popular leading men that have ever trod the boards in this city. Mr. Stone has been making a New York success in the leading masculine role in "The Bird of Paradise," and returns to the Belasco for a limited special engagement. In "The Virginian" he will have the leading role, that played by Dustin Farnum. The Belasco company will be drawn upon to its fullest extent to fill the long list of assignments. This play is one of the first of western dramas, and was written by a man who knows his locality. It is melodrama, but not of the blood and thunder brand—a story of men who have foregone conventionalities and live in a sort of primitive civilization in the great outdoors. Mr. Stone's reappearance calls for crowded houses, as the seat sales already indicate.

Five new acts, with two headliners, comprise the offerings of the Orpheum for the week opening Monday matinee, May 13. The toppers are Blanche Walsh and Katherine Grey. Miss Walsh will be seen in "The Thunder Gods," by Arthur Hopkins, and Miss Grey in "Above the Law," adapted from the French by McKee Rankin. Miss Walsh's sketch is laid in the Indian country and deals with the love of Blue Jay, a Sioux maid for a white man, his desertion of her, and her appeal to the gods to destroy him. The answer of the Thunder Gods at the crisis is a denouement strong and unusual. Miss Grey has a playlet which deals with modern society, and she has the role of a woman whose love defies convention and law. She is well known as an emotional actress and has been seen in this city as a star. The Gertrude Van Dyck Trio will offer a little musical comedy in which Miss Van Dyck's double voice will be a novel feature. The Mankichi troupe of Japanese acrobats and comedians will display their skill, and Wormwood's canine and simian actors should be of especial appeal to the children. Remaining another week are Lucy Weston, the English comedienne, Henshaw and Avery in "Strangers in a Strange Flat," and the Stewart Sisters and their escorts. In addition there will be the orchestral music and new motion views.

May Boley has come into her own at Fischer's Lyceum, and the announcement of a second week of "Tillie's Nightmare" is no surprise to theatergoers. The attraction has played to

crowded houses all week, even an extra matinee not being sufficient to supply the demand. The second week will, of course, find the show running with greased wheels. Miss Boley has mastered her part and is continually making it funnier. Texas Guinan's voice has returned, and she will interpolate the songs she was forced to omit the first week, under stress of a severe cold. Jane Urban and Reece Gardner will continue their clever musical numbers; Bob Lett's funny "Famous Men" will have appropriate additions, and May Boley will continue to draw shrieks of merriment from her listeners with "Heaven Will Protect the Working Girl." In addition, Mlle. Vanity and Lou Chaney will continue their sensational dance numbers, and the chorus will be present on every possible occasion. The show will be continued all the week, to be followed by the first of the Cohan series, "Little Johnny Jones," with Reece Gardner as Johnny and Bob Lett as the Unknown.

John Stevens McGroarty's dramatic idealization of early California history, "The Mission Play," will enter its third week in its own theater at San Gabriel Monday afternoon. Minor changes have been made in the play, the action has been quickened, and altogether the piece has been fashioned into a concise dramatic representation of the old days in California. Probably the greatest dramatic interest is aroused by the stirring picture of the first act, in which Serra, alone among all his people, stands for the Christianizing of California. At the act's conclusion, Serra's religious rebellion is rewarded by the sight of the supply ship creeping around Point Loma—a climax which rouses the audience to great enthusiasm. In the second act a spectacular pageant is given, and the allegory of the third showing the fading of the mission period is one of the best features of the production. The scenic environment is elaborate, the music, the incidental dancing, the quaint costuming all combining to form an unusual spectacle.

Art and Artists

(Continued from Page 9)

two well painted watercolors, "Desert Moonrise" and "Burning Oil Well." "Dawn" by James Frederick Rudy is of great interest. It possesses a real art merit and is skillfully treated. Jack W. Smith's three sketches show that this artist is advancing rapidly toward the goal of success. "Breaking Wave" is particularly successful. Margaret Taylor shows a portrait of a child, the head of which is well modeled. "Where a Spring Lies Hidden" by William Wendt is a trifle too subtle in its technicality for the average person. It is a study of rocks on a hillside seen at close range. It is true in character and remarkably fine in handling. "A Friend of Nature" by Karl Yens is a portrait painted out of doors. It is excellent in color. Mono Zim, a sculptor of San Diego, is represented by a relief portrait of Rodin. "Bather," and "Portrait of Miss C." Mrs. Julia Bracken Wendt shows "Baby Coyote," "The Comet," a group of reliefs, and two strong portrait heads.

* * *

Work previously reviewed is as follows: "Near Rivella," "Pale Rose and Brown" and "Summer Morning Surf" by Chas. P. Austin; "Moonrise at Sunset" by Benj. Brown; "Wildwoods" and "Canal in Venice" by Eugene Frank; "New England Autumn" and "Springtime" by Ben Foster; "The Desert," William Lees Judson; "Blue Gums" by Aaron E. Kilpatrick; "Late Afternoon," Ralph Fullerton Mocine; "Glowing Cliffs" and "Tenacious Oak" by Hanson Puthuff; "Old Chinatown," Chas. A. Rogers; "Evening," "Sunset" and "Oak Knoll" by Detlef Sammann; "Florida Beach," "Sketch, La Jolla," and "Florida Pines," W. A. Sharp, and "Arcadian Hills," William Wendt.

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RESTORATION TO ENTRY OF LANDS IN NATIONAL FOREST

Notice is hereby given that the lands described below, embracing 311.69 acres, within the Santa Barbara National Forest, California, will be subject to settlement and entry under the provisions of the homestead laws of the United States and the act of June 11, 1908 (34 Stat., 233), at the United States land office at Los Angeles, California, on July 15, 1912. Any settler who was actually and in good faith claiming any of said lands for agricultural purposes prior to January 1, 1906, and has not abandoned same, has a preference right to make a homestead entry for the lands actually occupied. Said lands were listed upon the applications of the persons mentioned below, who have a preference right subject to the prior right of any such settler, provided such settler or applicant is qualified to make homestead entry and the preference right is exercised prior to July 15, 1912, on which date the lands will be subject to settlement and entry by any qualified person. The lands are as follows: The N $\frac{1}{2}$ of NW $\frac{1}{4}$ of NW $\frac{1}{4}$, the NE $\frac{1}{4}$ of NW $\frac{1}{4}$, the E $\frac{1}{2}$ of SE $\frac{1}{4}$ of NW $\frac{1}{4}$, the S $\frac{1}{2}$ of SW $\frac{1}{4}$ of NE $\frac{1}{4}$, the NW $\frac{1}{4}$ of SE $\frac{1}{4}$, Sec. 27, the NE $\frac{1}{4}$ of NE $\frac{1}{4}$ of NE $\frac{1}{4}$, Sec. 28, T. 5 N., R. 14 W., S. B. M., except a strip 15 feet wide off the north side thereof, the net area being 148.87 acres, application of Robert E. McChesney, R.F.D. No. 10, Box 158 A, Los Angeles, California; List 5-1012. The W $\frac{1}{2}$ of SW $\frac{1}{4}$, Sec. 25, the N $\frac{1}{2}$ of SE $\frac{1}{4}$, Sec. 26, T. 5 N., R. 13 W., except a strip 16 $\frac{1}{2}$ feet wide off the north side thereof, net area 158.50 acres. John G. Warfield, of 2712 Kenwood Ave., Los Angeles, California, applied for the NE $\frac{1}{4}$ of SE $\frac{1}{4}$, Sec. 26, and W $\frac{1}{2}$ of SW $\frac{1}{4}$, Sec. 25 on June 29, 1908, and Jasper L. Morey, of 6112 Aldama St., Los Angeles, California, applied for the entire area on September 11, 1911; List 5-1014. The N $\frac{1}{2}$ of NW $\frac{1}{4}$ of Lot 5, Sec. 6, T. 3 N., R. 15 W., 4.32 acres, application of Walter Park, of Newhall, California; List 5-1017.

Approved April 23, 1912.

S. V. PROUDFIT,

Assistant Commissioner of the General Land Office.

RESTORATION TO ENTRY OF LANDS IN NATIONAL FOREST

Notice is hereby given that the lands described below, embracing 67.50 acres, within the Angeles National Forest, California, will be subject to settlement and entry under the provisions of the homestead laws of the United States and the act of June 11, 1906 (34 Stat., 233), at the United States land office at Los Angeles, California, on July 15, 1912. Any settler who was actually and in good faith claiming any of said lands for agricultural purposes prior to January 1, 1906, and has not abandoned same, has a preference right to make a homestead entry for the lands actually occupied. Said lands were listed upon the applications of the persons mentioned below, who have a preference right subject to the prior right of any such settler, provided such settler or applicant is qualified to make homestead entry and the preference right is exercised prior to July 15, 1912, on which date the lands will be subject to settlement and entry by any qualified person. The lands are as follows: The SE $\frac{1}{4}$ of SW $\frac{1}{4}$, the NE $\frac{1}{4}$ of SE $\frac{1}{4}$ of NE $\frac{1}{4}$ of SW $\frac{1}{4}$, the S $\frac{1}{2}$ of SE $\frac{1}{4}$ of NE $\frac{1}{4}$ of SW $\frac{1}{4}$, Sec. 33, T. 3 N., R. 14 W., S. B. M., 52.50 acres, application of Pedro Lugo, R. F. D. No. 2, Los Angeles, California; List 5-955. The SE $\frac{1}{4}$ of SE $\frac{1}{4}$ of SW $\frac{1}{4}$, the E $\frac{1}{2}$ of SW $\frac{1}{4}$ of SE $\frac{1}{4}$ of SW $\frac{1}{4}$, Sec. 33, T. 2 N., R. 12 W., 15 acres, application of Arthur F. Ahlstrom, R. D. No. 2, Pasadena, California; List 5-990.

Approved April 23, 1912.

S. V. PROUDFIT,

Assistant Commissioner of the General Land Office.

Three Books by the Editor

PAUL TRAVERS'
ADVENTURES

ON SPECIAL
ASSIGNMENT

GLIMPSES ACROSS
THE SEA

By Samuel Travers Clover

The first tells how an ambitious youth made his way around the world in order better to prepare himself for newspaper work. The second shows how Paul succeeded as a reporter, and the big assignments he covered. He was the last white man to see Sitting Bull, and the only reporter, from start to finish, in the last vigilance party this country is likely to see. Published by Lothrop, Lee & Shepard Co. The third book is a collection of pen sketches, giving a whimsical point of view of generally unnoted data in the more pretentious books of travel. For sale by

Cunningham, Curtiss & Welch Co

252 SOUTH SPRING ST.

C. C. Parker,

220 SOUTH BROADWAY

and Jones' Book Store,

226 WEST FIRST ST.

DEPARTMENT OF THE INTERIOR

U. S. Land Office at Los Angeles, Cal. 03814
April 3, 1912.

NOTICE is hereby given that George W. Morrison, of Calabasas, Cal., who, on May 8, 1896, made Homestead Entry No. 11104, Serial, No. 03814, for NE $\frac{1}{4}$ SW $\frac{1}{4}$, NW $\frac{1}{4}$ SE $\frac{1}{4}$, Section 24, Township 1 N., Range 18 W., S. E. Meridian, has filed notice of intention to make Final five years Proof, to establish claim to the land above described, before the Register and Receiver, United States Land office, at Los Angeles, California, on the 15th day of May, 1912, at 10 o'clock a. m.

Claimant names as witnesses: Reuber Holman, Thomas Velarde and Posey Horton, all of Calabasas, Cal.; Frank M. Allender, of Los Angeles, Cal.

FRANK BUREN, Register.

DAWSON'S BOOKSHOP
RARE BOOKS
and OLD PRINTS
Ernest Dawson H. W. Collins
518 So. Hill Street
CALL AND BROWSE

Books

There are other reasons quite as tragic, and equally as subtle, as infidelity that cause marital unhappiness and threaten the peace and perpetuity of American homes; and those who have felt the infinite weariness and vexation of "keeping up appearances," or have tried to "keep the pace," to which the family purse is not quite equal, compose the large group of victims to the mania for "success." Family ties, health, mental and spiritual growth must be thrown into the hopper to be ground up into problematical supremacy. How many of these strugglers have wondered at the mad hurry of living, at the tawdriness of social triumph; and have revolted, feebly to be sure, at the following of certain senseless conventionalities, not confined to the exclusive circles of "society" alone—although there the fever burns most intensely and painfully? How many have looked beneath this exhaustion and sense of disappointment and speculated upon the cause of the disease, the real and far-reaching effects, and a possible cure? Of this last small group of questioners is Mrs. John R. Fisher, or as she styles herself, Dorothy Canfield. Life in Endbury, typical of the progressive town of the middle west, does not differ sharply in its ideals and activities from those of the average large city. Men and women everywhere are busily treading the wheel in "The Squirrel Cage." As Paul Hollister, the successful, says without sensing the ironical truth of his words, "Haven't you ever noticed, my dear, that the people who wear ready-made serge are the ones who could really comfortably afford to wear calico wrappers? It goes right up and down the scale that way. Everybody is trying to sing a note above what he can." Yet he believes in this thoroughly.

Miss Canfield has pictured with startling and disquieting fidelity, in the life and spiritual development of Lydia Emery, the endless round of business and social effort that brings success, and at the same time spells universal tragedy. One of the victims of the senseless, cruel system is Judge Emery, who before he had "had to hurry so with that wheel in his cage" sat up "till all hours reading 'Les Miserables,' and would knock you down if you didn't bow your head at the mention of Thackeray" and "might have liked music, too." But that his women folk might keep up with the "first families," that his daughter might have a smart introduction to society and make a brilliant marriage he loses the sweet associations of family life. A man eminently successful in business and society. Mrs. Emery is another, whose heart-broken cry (referring to her husband), "I see everything now. He could not stop. I have killed him. Why if I had only known—if I had only dreamed how things were—what did I care about anything compared with Nat! I loved my husband. What did I care—if I had only dreamed that—if I had only known what I was doing!" is a most powerful dramatic climax to a strong character delineation. In curious contrast is the effect of the Judge's death upon Lydia, his daughter. And poor, blind Paul Hollister is equally as pitiable, done to death by his own material "success."

Lydia Emery, delicate product of material advantages, educated in a private school and "finished" abroad, had yet within her that inherent gleam of naturalness and divinity which without "management" would have responded to the "queer" Mr. Rankin. But Paul

was of her "set," he represented the ideals of her "world," he was a "suitable" husband. In her characterization of Paul, Miss Canfield has been masterful. He represents the absorbed American business man, of whom the French lecturer, like so many foreign visitors, says, "he was told that the men, unlike their wives, had no intellectual interests, had no clubs with any serious purposes, had no artistic aims, had no home life, no knowledge of their children, no interest in education—that in short, they left the whole business of worthy living to their wives, and devoted themselves exclusively to the wild-beast joy of tearing and rending their business competitors." And for what, and why? Because each one of these same husbands likes his wife "to be absorbed in clubs and bridge and idiotic little dabbings in near-culture and pseudo-art, just for the reason that a busy mother gives her baby a sticky feather to play with. It keeps the baby busy. It keeps his wife's attention off him."

Married, had the informal and silly wheel not continued its sickening whirl, Paul and Lydia might possibly—and probably would have—known and found love and happiness in each other, even as it was. In Rankin and in Lydia, after the tragic death of her husband, is voiced a strong protest against conventionality as opposed to the highest development of individuality. Nowhere is this more strongly expressed than in Lydia's chance visit to the carpenter's rough cottage. As mild echoes of the apostasy of Rankin and Lydia Hollister are the sharp fulminations of Dr. Molton and the acrid murmurings of Marietta Mortimer, the daughter who did not have a chance "to do well." After all, the dear old doctor is a humorous light, the influence of whose kindness and bubbling-over probably would be quite as beneficial in real life as Rankin's uncompromising stand.

Another interesting characterization, and not without good points although not so regarded by the writer, is Madeleine Hollister. In real life, the Madeleines often represent the most tragic soul histories, and are frequently the bravest in cheering the faint or broken-hearted. "The Squirrel Cage" is an extraordinarily strong book, both in conception and construction, for although the development lags here and there the effect of the high moments more than compensates for any weakness. ("The Squirrel Cage." By Dorothy Canfield. Henry Holt & Co.) P. R.

Mysterious Modern Princess

Young men in popular novels—and old and blase ones, occasionally—are such daring, impulsive creatures and encounter such amazing adventures! Imagine the perturbation and mystification of a gallant young man who has just rescued, from he-knows-not-what danger save its gravity and disturbing effect upon the victim, a beautiful damsel of whose name and about whom he can learn nothing, even as she disappears from his horizon, reading a dozen or more startling and tantalizing headlines in the morning papers, any one of which may indicate the fair unknown. Add to this the strong desire of that ungrateful, but prudent maiden to remain incognito—to continue a lovely mystery to her rescuer. (Or is it the result of feminine wiles?) Such is the predicament of Tryon Dunham, young lawyer and society man, who tries to solve "The Mystery of Mary." Is his unexpected charge and dinner companion, for whom he

commits theft in his own home, the "beautiful young adventuress," who, "masquerading as a parlor maid, robbed the house of jewels worth ten thousand," or is she the "fair lunatic" escaped? Evidence points to the possibility of her being Judge Blackwell's lovely client; but there is likewise the probability of her being the "heiress" who disappeared the same evening. Really, it is quite exciting! Grace Livingston Hill Lutz has conceived a situation like Cinderella, down-to-date. The fairy prince appears with sables and diamonds and all manner of beautiful things and rescues the princess who has been in hiding from the wicked pursuers,—and proving herself worthy. Such inconsequential trivialities as the prince not being able to give the name of the bride does not prevent his obtaining a marriage license, and horrors—he cannot tell the minister who she is, even at the ceremony! But this matter is waived entirely. This is a dainty modern love story, fairy-like in its utter improbability, but refreshingly sweet. Just such a book as the budding women will enjoy. ("The Mystery of Mary." By Grace Livingston Hill Lutz. J. B. Lippincott Co.)

Magazines for May

Arnold Bennet's idea of America is so different from that evolved by the usual British visitor that it would be refreshing even if couched in the rudest of diction. But with his graceful flow of words, his series in Harper's Magazine, the second installment of which is appearing in the May issue, is delightful. Albert Bigelow Paine offers his seventh paper on Mark Twain, Edward S. Martin has "The Beginning Husband Dines Out," and there is another installment of the novel, "The Street Called Straight," by the mysterious author of "The Inner Shrine." Other features are "The Austere Attraction of Burgos," by W. D. Howells, "The Frog in the Well," by Inez Haynes Gillmore, "The Spirit of 1812," by James Barnes, "Madame Jolicoeur's Cat," by Thomas Janvier, "The Die of Fate," by Howard Pyle, "Marie and the Talk Trust," by Irving Bacheller, "A Transformation Scene," by Henry W. Nevins, "Pettered," by R. O'Grady, and the editorial features.

Notes From Bookland

One of Stevenson's "enchanted cigarettes"—the books one loves to dream of writing—was his autobiography. That he did actually begin the enterprise is evidenced by a manuscript now in the possession of Mr. H. E. Widener, the well-known collector of Philadelphia, declares a writer in the Chicago Dial. It was written in San Francisco, when Stevenson was thirty years of age, and covers only the earliest childhood memories. The manuscript is in ink on twenty-three pages of an ordinary quarto notebook. References to the document are found in Mr. Graham Balfour's Life of Stevenson, but it has never before been printed in full. This prefatory paragraph has little of the customary Stevensonian ring:

I have the more interest in beginning these memoirs where and how I do, because I am living absolutely alone in San Francisco, and because from two years of anxiety and, according to the doctors, a touch of malaria. I may say I am altogether changed into another character. After weeks in this city, I know only a few neighboring streets; I seem to be cured of all my adventurous whims and even of human curiosity, and am content to sit here by the fire and await the course of fortune. Indeed, I know myself no longer, and as I am changed in heart, I hope I have the more chance to look back impartially on all that has come and gone heretofore. There is, after all, no truer sort of writing than what is to be found in autobiographies, and certainly none more entertaining."

Stevenson tells us that his first introduction to literature was when his uncle, David Stevenson, offered a prize of twenty shillings to the family circle for the best history of Moses. His own version of the history of Moses, he tells us, "was copiously illustrated by the author in a very free style. In these pictures each Israelite was represented

with a pipe in his mouth, cheering the desert miles." The following is a caustic bit of criticism, evidently inspired by the late Sir William Gilbert's stage caricatures of elderly unmarried women:

I think I was born with a sense of what is due to age, for the more I interrogate my recollections the more traces do I find of that respect struggling with the dislike of what is old and then seemed to me to be ugly. Of all the cruel things in life the cruellest, it may be, is the departure of all beauty from those who have been the desired mothers and mistresses of men in a former generation. Pagans like Horace, devils like Villon, and yet he was a devil with a dash of the angelic were it only in his wings, and simple, crass vulgarities like Gilbert, so much worse than the worst of the devilish, take an opportunity for some cheap effect of art from these distressing changes. I thank God, when I was a child I knew a higher decency.

It is to be hoped that this interesting document in its entirety may some day be made available to all lovers of R. L. S. Meanwhile, we imagine, each of the forty-five copies of Mr. Widener's edition would bring something more than its weight in gold in the auction rooms.

Evidence accumulates that the star of Oscar Wilde has emerged and is shining with subdued but steady brilliance. For a long time popular editions of his books have been on the market; various lives have appeared; articles on himself and his work have been published both in the English and continental reviews; his plays are constantly being performed in London and the provinces; the monument upon which Jacob Epstein has been at work for a year is ready and soon will be erected over Wilde's grave in the cemetery of Pere Lachaise; while it is not only possible but advisable nowadays to discuss the man and his works in any company and with a freedom which ten years ago would have been impossible.

Bram Stoker, who died recently, was truly a fidus Achates, a Johnson's Boswell, and a Washington's Hamilton combined in the relationship that he bore to his one idol, Henry Irving. His own personal claim on fame will never rise above the world's persistent association of him with the fortunes and the friendships of the great actor, but there will always be many who will concede to him a large share of the credit for Irving's full cup of success. For almost thirty years, from the time that Irving took over the management of the London Lyceum until his death, the fortunes of the two men were intertwined. At the famous dinners and suppers that Irving gave, Stoker was the responsible host. He arranged the social stage for Irving's every appearance in public and private social life, saw that all the social properties were ready to hand, relieved the great man's mind of every care, from the greatest undertaking in its mass to its smallest details. In his spare moments he wrote queer, weird mystery stories that will not live. Perhaps his life of Irving will not be the final word of Irving, as Boswell's was of Johnson; but it is a beautifully intimate book.

NOTICE FOR PUBLICATION

014158
DEPARTMENT OF THE INTERIOR
U. S. Land Office at Los Angeles, Cal.,
March 15, 1912.

NOTICE is hereby given that Joseph Gioia, whose postoffice address is No. 801 N. Broadway, Los Angeles, Cal., did on the 1st day of November, 1911, file in this office Sworn Statement and Application, No. 014158, to purchase the S ½ SW ¼, Section 15, Township 1 S., Range 18 W., S. B. Meridian, and the timber thereon, under the provisions of the act of June 3, 1878, and acts amendatory, known as the "Timber and Stone Law," at such value as might be fixed by appraisement, and that, pursuant to such application, the land and stone thereon have been appraised, at \$200.00, the stone estimated at \$160.00, and the land \$40.00; that said applicant will offer final proof in support of his application and sworn statement on the 4th day of June, 1912, before the Register and Receiver, U. S. Land Office, at Los Angeles, Cal.

Any person is at liberty to protest this purchase before entry, or initiate a contest at any time before patent issues, by filing a corroborated affidavit in this office, alleging facts which would defeat the entry.

FRANK BUREN, Register.



Stocks & Bonds



Holiday conditions have interfered somewhat seriously with Los Angeles stock exchange trading this week, the volume of transactions having been the smallest of the year. In the face of that fact, however, the market has been showing an undertone of exceptional strength. Prices continue firm with an upward tendency for the better grade of securities and indications for an extended prosperous trading season are excellent. Los Angeles Home preferred and common, with the bond issues of the same utility, have been showing exceptional form this week, with a gain in all of these issues of from thirty to forty-five per cent in market value. In sympathy, Pasadena Home securities, as well as other of the Home stocks and bonds, have been acting as if they are being sought by insiders. While the Los Angeles rate making undoubtedly has had to do with the rise of these securities it is believed there are reasons much more potent for what has been happening. The prediction is made by shrewd guessers that one of these days, all of the independent telephone companies south of the Tehachapi are to be merged, later to be taken over by the older Bell interests. It is, in fact, insisted in certain quarters that this has been already accomplished.

Among the better known petroleum the Doheny Mexicans are soft, with Wall Street evidently determined to pound the common and with the preferred sliding down hill. Associated is again easy with its recent gains almost dissipated. Doheny Americans are also off to the extent of about three full points.

Central continues inactive and Western Union is absolutely dead. Rice Ranch is firm with better things promised for the stock. The lesser oils remain in the dumps.

Among the banking shares German American has been gaining steadily this week with the stock 405 bid, the highest price in its history. This in the face of new capital about to be forthcoming at \$300 a share. First National is strong at 700 and Security Trust & Savings Bank is around 450. Citizens National is 250 bid and getting firmer than ever; Home Savings also is wanted.

Edison shares continue in demand among the utilities and in the bond list Los Angeles Home first and refundings are being acquired for sinking fund purposes.

Mining stocks are not any too firm at this time, although there is money to be made in several of the better known favorites of this market.

Money is easy and there is plenty to be had for all legitimate purposes. Rates continue at about normal.

Banks and Banking

Citizens' Bank of Sawtelle has increased its capital to \$50,000. Its surplus of \$8,550 and its capital is fully paid up. The bank plans to open a branch in Palms in a few weeks.

Corona National Bank opened a savings department May 1.

Comptroller of Currency has granted a charter to the First National Bank of Van Nuys.

Watts now has a Postal savings bank, which was established the last of April.

Monday morning the Security National Bank of Pasadena opened its

doors. Officers of the institution are Ernest H. Mey, president; Harrison I. Drummond, vice president, N. E. MacBeth, cashier, Ernest C. May, assistant cashier.

Quarterly statement of the condition of Los Angeles banking institutions issued by D. F. Robertson, manager of the steamship department of the Citizens Trust and Savings Bank, reveals a condition of affairs that will inspire optimism in the financial circles of Los Angeles and Southern California. It has been found by Mr. Robertson that there has been an increase of \$22,104,955.04 in deposits in the last four are thirty-six banks in the city, with total deposits of \$174,984,614.37; loans and investments, \$136,911,542.29; capital, \$14,931,636.93; surplus and undivided profits, \$10,688,932.47; total resources, \$295,780,695.14. Each of these figures shows a remarkable increase over the corresponding figures for January.

Bank clearings in April at 127 leading centers of the United States reporting to Dun's Review aggregated \$14,979,344,219, which is a gain of 21.2 per cent, over the same month last year and of 6.9 per cent over April, 1910, a period when the full tide of business had hardly yet been checked. Dun's says: "This is by far the best exhibit made by any month so far this year, and, being shared in by practically every section of the country, clearly reflects a general improvement in industrial and commercial operations that is especially gratifying because weather conditions were not altogether favorable for expansion in numerous lines." Coincident with the publication of the April statistics of bank clearings, the figures for the week were issued yesterday. These show that the first few days in May have not kept up in full measure the improvement of last month. The total exchanges of \$3,208,331,648 for the week, while 7 per cent better than for the corresponding week last year, were 6.5 per cent less than for the same week in 1910. Much of the loss compared with 1910 is, however, due to less activity in the stock market, which is the chief factor in New York City returns, and these, with their loss of 12 per cent from 1910, account for the loss in the total for the country as a whole.

Merger of the Royal Bank of Canada and Traders' Bank, recently announced, with combined deposits, according to the last report to the Canadian government, of \$121,000,000 and more than 200 branches, will give Canada three banks with more than \$100,000,000 of deposits. The Bank of Montreal, Canada's foremost banking institution, has \$178,000,000 and the Bank of Commerce has \$166,000,000. So far, the rivalry among Canada's 28 banks has not been so much in the matter of size as in the establishing of branches in promising points in the new western districts. To such extremes does this rivalry urge them that it is a common saying that in western Canada a town constitutes a bank, two real estate offices and two dwelling houses. In at least one instance, a prominent Canadian bank even established a branch along the new line of the Grand Trunk Pacific prior to the laying out of the town site at that point, in order to be first in the field, and the town site was finally selected two miles distant.

SECURITY TRUST & SAVINGS BANK

Largest and Oldest Savings Bank in the Southwest

Resources\$45,000,000

Capital and Reserve... \$3,300,000

Pays 4 per cent interest on Term Deposits and 3 per cent on Special Savings accounts.

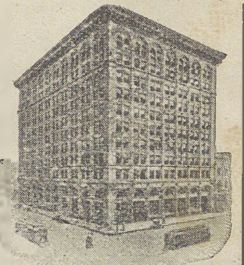
GENERAL TRUST BUSINESS TRANSACTED

Safe Deposit and Storage Department, largest and best equipped in the West

Steamship and Foreign Tourist Agency

EQUITABLE BRANCH,

in Equitable Building, is maintained for accommodation of Depositors, Borrowers and Others



THE GRAPHIC pays more attention to Music and Drama than any similar publication on the coast.

The bank thereupon had no alternative but to place its building, which was in any case only a frame shack, on skids and drag it into "town."

It is an unusual and serious matter when accounts in the New York sub-treasury fail to balance at the close of day. Although many millions are cared for and handled daily, the balance must be true to a cent at night. Last Thursday night there was a discrepancy. It did not detract from the seriousness of the occasion that the discrepancy was in favor of the government. It seems that, when under the normal transactions of the day, there should have been \$127,568,293.11 and one tabby cat, the account stood \$127,568,293.11 and seven kittens besides the old sub-treasury tabby, who is said to be responsible for the discrepancy in the accounts, reports the New York Times. Seven little kittens don't seem much, compared with the \$127,568,293.11, but their advent at the sub-treasury caused more talk among visiting bankers, messengers, and government officials than any particular million among the dollars.

Stocks and Bonds

Hermosa will hold an election Tuesday to vote on the question of issuing bonds for \$60,000 for the building of a new concrete amusement pier.

Long Beach will soon hold an election for the purpose of voting \$50,000 in bonds for the erection of additional dockage.

The earnings of the Pullman company this fiscal year, now two-thirds elapsed, will get the benefit of the market improvement in the car equipment industry, which has set in during the last three months. The big car building shops at Pullman are today operating at 75 per cent of capacity, compared with an average of less than 50 per cent during the fiscal year ended July 31, 1911. The passenger car department is sold ahead to August. Share earnings of the Pullman company for the current fiscal period, if the recent improvement holds, easily will cross the 10 per cent mark, after making customary liberal allowances for depreciation. The company stands an excellent chance to show a dividend balance of between 11 per cent and 12 per cent. Pullman's gross earnings are likely this year to fall a few thousand and this side of \$40,000,000 mark.

Long Beach will be forced to reopen bids for its \$100,000 school bond issue, as no bids were forthcoming on the first offer.

Another election will be called at Coronado to vote on the issuance of \$80,000 school bonds; the election held April 17 having been declared null and void.

Corona will issue \$137,000 in bonds for the purpose of making civic improvements. There will be 40 bonds of \$1000 each, bearing interest at 4 1/2 per cent; 40 bonds of \$275 each, bearing interest of 4 1/2%; 40 bonds of \$1000 each, bearing interest at 5 1/2%; 40 bonds of \$250 each, bearing 5 1/2%; and 40 bonds of \$912.50 bearing interest at 5%.

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RESTORATION TO ENTRY OF LANDS IN NATIONAL FOREST

Notice is hereby given that the lands described below, embracing 256.75 acres, within the Santa Barbara National Forest, California, will be subject to settlement and entry under the provisions of the homestead laws of the United States and the act of June 11, 1906 (34 Stat., 233), at the United States land office at Los Angeles, California, on July 15, 1912. Any settler who was actually and in good faith claiming any of said lands for agricultural purposes prior to January 1, 1906, and has not abandoned same, has a preference right to make a homestead entry for the lands actually occupied. Said lands were listed upon the applications of the persons mentioned below, who have a preference right subject to the prior right of any such settler, provided such settler or applicant is qualified to make homestead entry and the preference right is exercised prior to July 15, 1912, on which date the lands will be subject to settlement and entry by any qualified person. The lands are as follows: The N 1/4 of N 1/4 of Lot 3, the S 1/4 of NW 1/4 of Lot 3, the SW 1/4 of NE 1/4 of Lot 3, the W 1/4 of SW 1/4 of Lot 3, the E 1/2 of E 1/2 of Lot 4, the SW 1/4 of SE 1/4 of Lot 4, the N 1/2 of NE 1/4 of Lot 5, the SW 1/4 of NE 1/4 of Lot 5, the NW 1/4 of SE 1/4 of Lot 5, the E 1/2 of NW 1/4 of Lot 5, the SW 1/4 of Lot 5, Sec. 6, T. 4 N., R. 14 W., S. B. M., 64.25 acres, application of H. A. Haynes, of 2705 Dennison Villa, Los Angeles, California; List 5-893. The W 1/2 of SW 1/4 of NW 1/4, Sec. 14, the SE 1/4 of NE 1/4, Sec. 15, T. 4 N., R. 13 W., 60 acres, application of Leonard R. Ruiz, of Acton, California; List 5-898. The S 1/2 of SE 1/4, the E 1/2 of SE 1/4 of SW 1/4, Sec. 17, T. 4 N., R. 17 W., 100 acres, application of Juan Espinoza, of Piru, California; List 5-918. The E 1/2 of NE 1/4 of SW 1/4, the NW 1/4 of NW 1/4 of SE 1/4, Sec. 25, T. 5 N., R. 14 W., 32.50 acres, application of Herman F. Melten, of Acton, California; List 5-919.

Approved April 23, 1912.
Approved April 23, 1912.
S. V. PROUDFIT,
Assistant Commissioner of the General Land Office.

DEPARTMENT OF THE INTERIOR

Not coal lands.
010181
U. S. Land Office at Los Angeles, Cal.,
April 29, 1912.

NOTICE is hereby given that Jacob H. Richter, of Sawtelle, Cal., who, on April 14, 1910, made Homestead Entry, No. 010181, for S 1/4 SE 1/4, NW 1/4 SE 1/4, SW 1/4 NE 1/4, Section 10, Township 1 S., Range 20 W., S. B. Meridian, has filed notice of intention to make Final commutation proof, to establish claim to the land above described before the Register and Receiver, United States Land Office, at Los Angeles, California, on the 11th day of June, 1912, at 10 o'clock a.m.

Claimant names as witnesses: John Henry Mundell, Nora H. Mundell, Charles M. Decker, Martha Decker, all of Santa Monica, Cal.
FRANK BUREN, Register.

--Mt. Washington--

The Switzerland of America

Homes "1000 Feet Above the Sea"

Exhilarating healthful atmosphere,
Marvelous and inspiring scenery,
Rich, responsive soil—perfect drainage,
Artistic improvements—all the conveniences,
High restrictions.

Twenty minutes by auto from Sixth and Spring.

The future homes of Los Angeles' most discriminating and ultra fashionable families will be on Mount Washington.

Be you ever so skeptical, a visit to the hill will convince you of these facts.

Drive out today in your machine, or make an appointment for ours.

Write or 'phone for our booklet.

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Trust and Savings Building,

Los Angeles, Cal., Sixth and Spring Streets

G. W. QUIN, Resident Manager.

Office Phones, 10175; Main 1045.

Mt. Washington Phone 31255

Take Garvanza car on Main street to Avenue 43 and Incline Railway to property. Autos go through Broadway Tunnel and out Pasadena to Avenue 41 and Dayton Avenue, there entering Mt. Washington Drive, the greatest and most wonderful of its kind in the West.

Unique

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Original

Thousand feet elevation. Above dust and fog. Pure air. Large verandas, sun parlors, billiard room, roof garden, tennis courts.

Reasonable rates. **WASHINGTON** For scenic grandeur it has no equal.
Open all the year. American plan. A hotel of distinction and enjoyment. Try one of the dinners, 5:30 to 7:30 evenings. Take yellow Garvanza car (marked Mt. Washing-

Attractive

ton Incline) No. on Main St.

HOTEL

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Pleasant

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NAME.

OFFICERS.

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S. E. Cor. Third and Spring

W. H. HOLLIDAY, President.
J. H. RAMBOZ, Cashier.
Capital, \$200,000.
Surplus and Profits, \$800,000.

NATIONAL BANK OF CALIFORNIA
N. E. Cor. Fourth and Spring

J. E. FISHBURN, President.
H. S. McKEE, Cashier.
Capital, \$500,000.00.
Surplus and Undivided Profits, \$200,000

NATIONAL BANK OF COMMERCE
IN LOS ANGELES
N. E. Cor. Second and Main

F. M. DOUGLAS, President.
H. J. STAVE, Cashier.
Capital, \$300,000.
Surplus, \$25,000.

CENTRAL NATIONAL BANK
S. E. Cor. Fourth and Broadway

S. F. ZOMBRO, President.
JAMES B. GIST, Cashier.
Capital, \$300,000.00.
Surplus and Undivided Profits, \$244,000.

CITIZENS NATIONAL BANK
S. W. Cor. Third and Main

A. J. WATERS, President.
E. T. PETTIGREW, Cashier.
Capital, \$1,500,000.
Surplus and Profits, \$700,000.

COMMERCIAL NATIONAL BANK
401 South Spring, Cor. Fourth

W. A. BONYNGE, President.
NEWMAN, ESSICK, Cashier.
Capital, \$200,000.
Surplus & Undivided Profits, \$60,000.

FARMERS & MERCHANTS NAT. BANK
Corner Fourth and Main

I. W. HELLMAN, President.
V. H. ROSSETTI, Cashier.
Capital, \$1,500,000.
Surplus and Profits, \$2,000,000.

FIRST NATIONAL BANK
S. E. Cor. Second and Spring

J. M. ELLIOTT President.
W. T. S. HAMMOND, Cashier.
Capital Stock, \$1,250,000.
Surplus and Profits, \$1,625,000.

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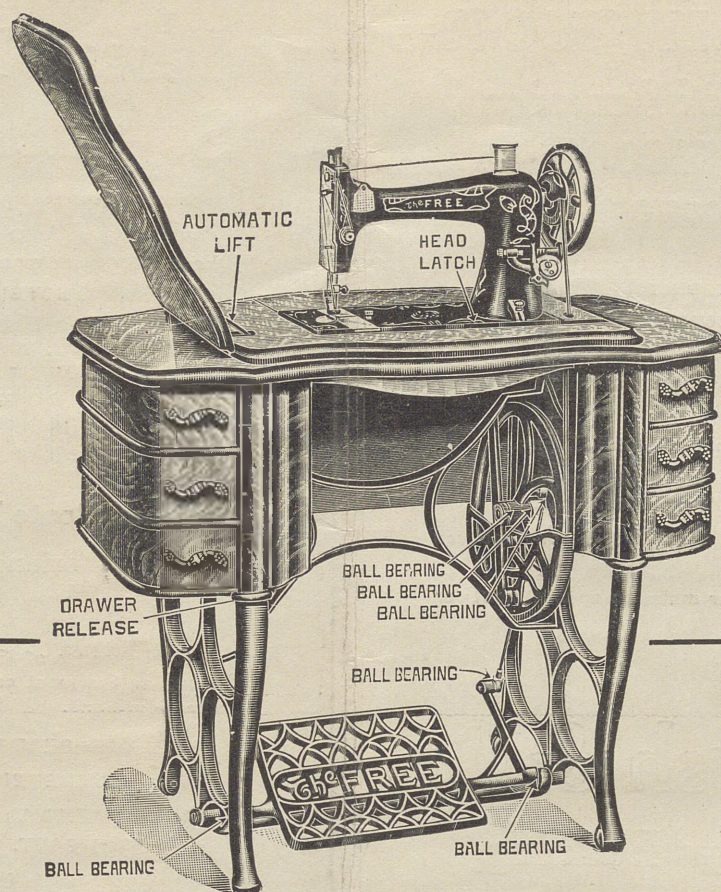
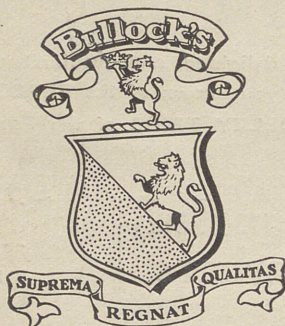
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